The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

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THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

ALL through the seventh week of the war—September 16 to 23—we have waited for decisive news from the Battle of the Aisne. We have heard that the marvelous old Cathedral of Rheims has been damaged by shell-fire, but very little more.

On the evening of the 21st the headlines announced that the Allies had in one place advanced seven miles. Such information is meaningless. As I said at the outset of the war, we must get into the habit of calling up to mind an entirely new "mental picture" for the word "battle." This change is well typified by the names which have been given to the great struggle now in progress and the earlier one along the banks of the Marne. Napoleon's battles were named after towns. In most cases a person in the steeple of the principal church could have seen all that happened. To-day we name battles after rivers. And an observer in an aeroplane a mile up can see only sections of them.

In this Battle of the Aisne the left wing of the Allies on the south of the river faces the right wing of the Germans on the north, looking out from almost equal heights across the broad, low valley. An advance of half a mile and a couple of hundred feet up hill might well be worth an advance of seven miles on the level. In some places the hills are close together, in others the valley widens out. Every height is a strategical position. An advance of ten miles by either side at Rheims would be decisive; it would mean that points of great importance had been captured and the opposing line broken near the center. But in other places along the far-flung battle front a dozen miles might not mean anything.

This "seven miles" of gain announced by the French War Office may mean the beginning of a victory; it may mean nothing at all.

It is on a par with the announcement that a flag has been captured. When a war office which is directing an army of more than a million men finds time to announce that the flag of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment of the enemy's dragoons has been taken, we may be pretty sure that the army has taken little or nothing of real importance.

That the present German position is immensely strong is admitted by the Allies. General von Kluk's retreat has been as masterly as that of his chief opponent, Sir John French. The German staff officers, famed for their intimate knowledge of French geography, had picked out one of the strongest natural positions for defense in France. The moment the tide of battle turned against the Germans on the Marne their engineers began work strengthening the line, and when the retreating forces were shoved back to it the trenches and guns were ready to protect them.

It looks as if their line was impregnable from a frontal attack according to the accepted tactics of the Allies. A German general in Joffre's place would hurl men in close formation, a human battering-ram, at the enemy's trenches. It would be brutal, but it might succeed. There is very little chance that well-planned modern field fortifications, properly supported by artillery, can be taken by open order assault.

Hence it is extremely probable that the Allies are planning a movement to flank the German position. The worst possible weather is said to be seriously retarding any large-scale movements. But, provided the Allies can hold their present line indefinitely and

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continue to repulse the German assaults as they have been doing, they will be able, sooner or later, to place a large army in the neighborhood of the Oise—a movement similar in intention and execution to the actions on the Ourcq which turned the tide in the Battle of the Marne. If the Allies can get to the east of Oise, north of Laon, in sufficient force, the Germans will have to retire again.

There are endless possibilities as to the outcome of this Battle of the Aisne. Let us consider four.

First, the Germans may be badly defeated. The Allies may break through their line by a frontal attack near Rheims or may develop their flanking campaign on the Oise quickly enough to envelop and crush the German right wing. What was left of the German army would be in a very precarious position, and probably large sections would be detached for desperate, forlorn-hope rear-guard actions—sacrificed in order to gain time for the rest to escape to their own territory. That might be the end of the war, if the Allies have self-control enough to demand moderate terms which Germany could accept without too great humiliation. But the defeat of her offensive in France would by no means mean that Germany was helpless. She could on her own natural defenses organize a stubborn resistance, and would undoubtedly do so rather than consent to the terms which the London and Petrograd newspapers suggest. After beating against the Germans' hastily constructed lines along the Aisne, the French will probably have little enthusiasm for the task offered by the Rhine fortresses. The Russians have not yet encountered a German army behind defenses. Long before they cross the Oder they will probably be tired enough to consider more reasonable terms.

But it is to the interest of English business to continue the war as long as possible. Compared with the other combatants, Great Britain is risking very few of her men, and she is at least as well able to bear the financial strain. Every day that war gives her fleet excuse to harry the German merchant marine is fine for her commerce—and business is business. So, with even a crushing German defeat on the Aisne, there is little hope for immediate peace. A great section of British opinion will hold out—even when the French and Russians have had enough—for terms which Germany could not accept.

The second possibility is that the Germans will be forced to retreat from their present line, but in an orderly way, without any marked demoralization.

It is certain that with the same foresight which they used in preparing their position north of the Aisne they have prepared others farther back. The present situation may be repeated again and again. But once the Germans get their own soil under foot, they will fight better—men always do. When the army begins singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" instead of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," it will be a very much more dangerous organization.

But the Germans may win this Battle of the Aisne; there is nothing in the despatches—even the French despatches—up to the time we go to press, to show any material advantage on one side or the other.

The third possibility is that the Allies will be forced into a new retreat, such as that of the first weeks of the war. But back once more on the Marne, they would be stronger than they were when they first checked the Germans and began to drive them back. In fact, they would probably recover after a defeat on the Aisne before they were pushed back to the Marne. It is a safe guess that they also have been intrenching their rear. The tide of battle might flow back and forth this way, each alternate advance a bit shorter than the preceding one, like the dying of a pendulum when the clock has run down.

And, fourthly, the Germans may crush the French at Rheims or Craonne, where they appear to be attacking in force. It is more probable that they are planning their real offensive elsewhere. I can see no reason, for instance, why they may not, any day now, launch a new army of fresh men from Metz to strike the French between Verdun and Nancy. If they broke through here, they would be inside the French triangle, to the rear of the Center Army, and also to the rear of the line of frontier forts. They would probably give their attention to the Center. The Allied Left would have to retreat to the Seine, and things would be much darker for the Allies than at any time since the war began.

GERMANY'S PLIGHT

But even if the outcome of this battle of the Aisne is as favorable to Germany as it is permitted for her most ardent sympathizers to hope, I cannot see that there is any chance of Germany's winning in the long run.

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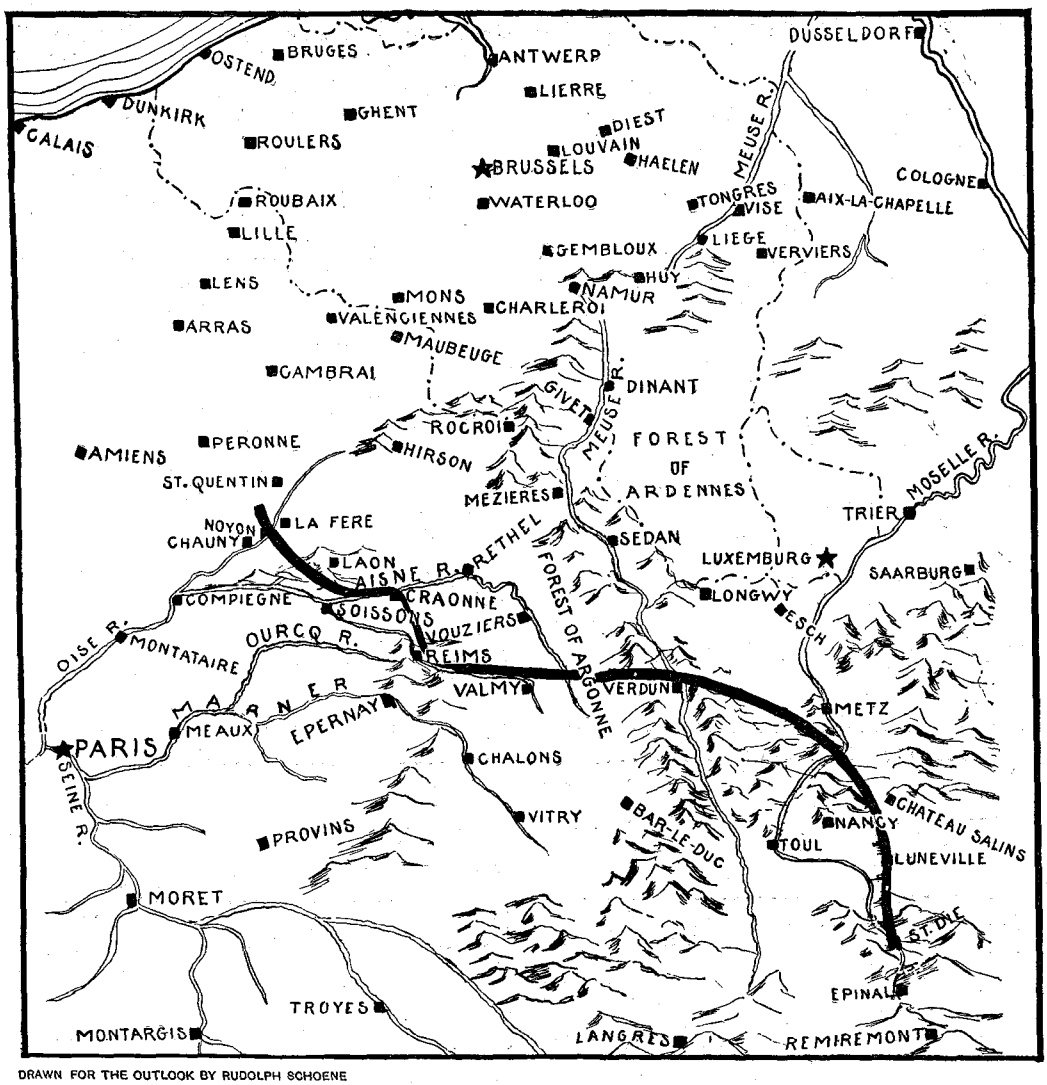

DRAWN FOR THE OUTLOOK BY RUDOLPH SCHOENE

THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE

This map indicates the approximate line of battle in France on the 23d of September.

When they were driven back from Paris in the Battle of the Marne, the German right wing, under General von Kluk, retreated northward to intrenched positions on the right bank of the Aisne. The German Center, which was at Vitry, on the Marne, was also forced to retreat, and is now near Rheims. The official communications have been very vague in regard to the line to the east of Rheims. It passes a little north of Verdun and swings southeast through the Nancy neighborhood to St. Die in the Vosges.

For more than a week the Allies have battered at this line in vain. They seem to have gained some advantages over von Kluk's army in the angle formed by the Oise and Aisne near Noyon. And the despatches of the 23d say that fighting is in progress near St. Quentin. It is from this neighborhood that we may expect to receive the first news of a flanking movement by the Allies to threaten von Kluk's rear.

I have already repeated in a number of these weekly articles that Germany's one chance was in "the dashing attack." Certainly there was no German writer, military or economic, who before the war saw any other hope of German success. A sudden, smashing blow to France was the *sine qua non*. This "dashing attack" has not come off as planned. The German Empire is still a long way from defeat. She can lose half a dozen battles like that of the Marne and still present a strong front, unless an economic crisis makes her sue for peace before her army acknowledges defeat. But both in economics and military arithmetic—the number of men in the field—time is her worst enemy. Time is Russia's best friend. And I believe the time Germany has already lost has been fatal.

AN ARTILLERY DUEL

All the despatches from Europe speak of this Battle of the Aisne as a supreme conflict

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of cannon. To any who care to visualize what the oft-repeated phrase "artillery duel" means in human terms, I recommend the closing chapters of Frederick Palmer's "The Last Shot." I do not suppose there is any non-combatant alive, and very few army officers, who have so often watched artillery in action and its murderous effect as this veteran war correspondent.

But it is typical of war that very few non-combatants know anything about it. It would be a surprise to most of us, as it was to me, to find out how much has been printed about artillery. And most of the people to whom the phrase "artillery duel" pictures anything at all, who know the meaning of a "flat trajectory" or the difference between "drift" and "deflection," between a "clinometer" and a "differential recoil gear," or the significance of such mystic symbols as "T. N. T." and "M. V.," when they write on artillery do not seem to realize that the subject has any human significance.

And these technicians who deal in "muzzle velocity" and the like are now watching this stupendous conflict in France with an unholy glee, as you or I might watch a fencing bout between two men, one trained in the French school and the other in the Italian. The opponents are pretty evenly matched; it is a conflict between two theories.

In these modern days it is much too expensive to waste one solid cannon ball on one man. The projectiles now in vogue are explosive, the idea being that they shall break up into many fragments, and so endanger scores, where the old-fashioned solid shot threatened one or two. But it would still be wasteful if the fragments blew haphazard in all directions; those that went straight up would not hurt any one. So the modern shrapnel—and an immense amount of ingenuity has been spent on it—is contrived to hurl its fragments in a precise and more deadly way. The shell used by all civilized armies is practically a cartridge within a cartridge. Instead of the old-fashioned solid bullet, there is a hollow steel projectile containing a charge of explosive and a nest of bullets or spikes. By a carefully timed fuse arrangement the projectile explodes in the face of the enemy, driving its fragments forward.

The French field gun, the famous 75, after which our American field gun is patterned, shoots very hard, and the projectile goes on a nearly straight line. It has been estimated that the fall of shrapnel is so slight that if it explodes at the level of the eyes of infantry advancing in close formation the fragments which fail to find a billet in the front rank will be at the height of the stomach twenty-five feet beyond, and, striking the ground at fifty feet, will still be dangerous. They are deadly in the open field.

But the fact that they go so nearly straight is a grave disadvantage if the enemy is behind breastworks or any sort of shelter. To meet this situation the modern howitzer was developed. Its projectile is, with slight modifications, the same as that of the field gun, but, instead of shooting straight at the target, it is aimed high in the air and does not explode till it is over the enemy. It has by this time followed a wide curve, and is now coming almost straight down. When it explodes, it also throws its fragments in a sort of sheaf, straight ahead. They strike the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees or steeper. It is evident that breastworks or stone walls are no protection from a howitzer. To be safe from them one needs a bullet-proof roof.

Between these two types of guns there is chance for an infinite variety. As a general proposition, the howitzer is much heavier than a field gun, because its projectile must be thrown over a wide curve to reach an enemy which the field gun reaches by a straighter line. For every possible situation in war there is one type of cannon which is theoretically the best. But this type may be of little or no good in another situation.

The French theory of artillery is to pick out the best all-round gun and make that the principal weapon. With more active fighting in the last few years than any other European army, they have had much chance to experiment, and they have worked out their present 75—a caliber of about three inches. Our army has accepted their model. The English, dissatisfied with their guns in the Boer War, reorganized their artillery on very nearly the same lines as the French. In the Balkan War the field artillery of the Allies which proved most effective was of the French type.

Of course the French have also some howitzers and siege guns of large caliber, but their main reliance is on the 75.

The German army artillerists and the experts of the Krupp works have gone in for a large variety of guns—field guns of half a dozen calibers, and howitzers for shelling troops in trenches and for firing high explosive shells against permanent fortifications.

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I recall some artillery maneuvers in the Forest of Fontainebleau. I sat on the grass by the roadside for an hour or more and watched the interminable string of 75's go by. There seemed to be just as many coming, so I tired and went away. It was my impression that ninety per cent of the guns in a French artillery division are of this one type. The Germany army maneuvers give quite the opposite impression—as though there were hardly two guns alike.

And, of course, as is always the case when two theories have not been put to the test, there is a great deal to say on both sides.

The Germans have much heavier guns, which means longer range, to bring into the field. The French 75, for instance, would have been powerless against such forts as Liège and Namur. The German siege guns were not at the front in time at Liège, but they were at Namur. And as long as they could bring up their heavier guns the Allies were forced to retreat.

But against these obvious advantages the French make two claims. First, superior mobility. They can take their 75's anywhere. They are not dependent on rail, nor even on roads. In their Morocco campaigns they have taken their 75's into hill country where the German General Staff would have thought that special "mountain batteries" were necessary. And they can be moved much more quickly. Some of the big German guns require a concrete platform. To be sure, the Germans have developed a concrete which hardens quickly, but still it takes time to get such guns in place. The advantage is largely with the French when they are retreating. The longer-ranged German guns begin to drop shells in among their batteries. In two minutes they have limbered up and retreated to a new position and fire busily, with amazing accuracy, till the Germans have laboriously uprooted their heavy guns and have brought them forward again. In a rear-guard action, such as the long retreat from the Belgian frontier to the Marne, the French claim that their guns were shelling the enemy sixty per cent of the time, to less than thirty per cent for the Germans. It is probably true that the Germans lost a great many more men from artillery wounds in that part of the campaign than the French.

But the moment the Germans take the defensive the situation is reversed. Once they get their heavy guns in place, it is perilous business for the light 75's to get within striking distance. The French have probably by now been able to bring their heavy guns up to the Aisne.

The French claim another advantage for their system—much greater simplicity. All parts are interchangeable. A broken wheel can be replaced more easily when all guns in the battery are of the same type. Of greater importance is the simplification of ammunition. No stupid mistake can result in a battery of 75's being supplied with shells of another caliber. Part of every German field army includes some of these specialized guns which may not be used at all, but ammunition for them has to be carried. The folly of giving different caliber rifles to the infantry is evident, and the French maintain that the same applies to artillery. There are persistent rumors that the Germans on the Marne sometimes ran out of ammunition. The problem is simpler for the uniform French guns.

For years and years this discussion has gone on. But in times of peace there was no sure way of deciding it. Now the two theories of artillery are being experimentally demonstrated on the young men of Europe.

THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN

During this seventh week of the war there has been no news of any value from East Prussia, and less—if that were possible—from Poland.

The despatches in regard to the campaign in Galicia, of which each day we get a column or so, are conflicting. Evidently the Russian claim that they had annihilated the Austrian army was premature. The statement that they had crossed the river San seems to have been true of a few small detachments at most. Galicia is divided into two sections by this river. It is, from the point of view of military geography, a serious obstacle. In some places it is narrow and swift between abrupt banks, again it runs wide and shallow with marshes and bayous. The principal railway bridges are at Przemysl and Jaroslav, both fortified cities.

The Russians seem to have occupied all of Galicia to the east of the San and to have driven the Austrians across it. But the transport service of the Russian army is notoriously faulty, and apparently they were not able to follow up their victories with sufficient rapidity to keep their enemies on the run. At some stage in the pursuit the victorious Russians slowed up and gave the Austrians time to cross the river and organize their de-

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fense. The technical difficulties of "following up victories" have always been great. A month elapsed sometimes in the Russo-Japanese War after the Japanese had scored a decisive victory before they were ready to strike again. In the first Balkan War it was more than three weeks after Lule-Burgas before the Bulgars began their attack on Tchataldja. The most remarkable thing about the rush of the German right wing from Belgium to the walls of Paris was that their daily victories did not interrupt their steam-roller advance. We have not yet enough details of the German retreat to the Aisne to be sure of what happened, but it looks as if the Allies had not been able to keep up with their retreating enemy. Undoubtedly the German engineers had made some defensive preparations along the present line of battle, but Sir John French admits that they had two days—the 12th and 13th—to rest and strengthen their lines before the Allies were able to attack in force.

The recent news from Galicia points to similar circumstances. After several smashing victories, the Russians allowed the Austrians to retire and reform on the western bank of the San.

On three different days in the last week the Russians have announced the fall of Jaroslav. The despatches of the 23d, as they are confirmed from London and Paris, are probably true. This assures the Russians an easy passage of the river, and is another blow to the military prestige of Austria-Hungary.

The fate of General Dankl and his army, the Austrian left wing, is still in doubt. The Russians claim to have him surrounded at a point near the juncture of the San and Vistula. But as they have reported that his surrender was imminent for more than a week, it begins to look as if he had slipped between their fingers.

That the Russians will waste much time or many men on the fortresses of Przemysl is doubtful. They will probably detach a small army to keep the Austro-German forces there bottled up in their walls and press westward. If Russia keeps faith with her Allies, she will not squander time nor soldiers over completing the conquest of Galicia; she will not even be tempted by Buda-Pest nor Vienna; she will, with the greatest possible speed, strike at the heart of the Teutonic power—Berlin.

All of her Galician army, beyond what she must leave behind for safety, she will probably move towards Cracow. The capture of Jaroslav gives her command of the main railway line west towards Cracow.

But the real menace to this city, the ancient capital of the Polish kings, is not from this direction. It is a hundred miles by rail from the San to Cracow. It is less than ten from the Russian-Polish border due south.

Every consideration of strategy points to the probability that a great Russian army of which we have as yet heard only the vaguest rumors is gathering in Poland. It should by now be ready to begin its advance by way of Cracow and Breslau.

THE BRITISH NAVY

A very marked dissatisfaction with the work of the British fleet has been noticeable in the recent English papers. Apparently a great many people have been asking, "Why don't they do something?"

The British navy, even if it never meets the German war-ships, has already rendered great service to the Allies, and especially to England. The marine insurance rates are gradually becoming normal. English commerce is almost as prosperous as ever, and soon—because of the crippling of her most dangerous rival—will be exceptionally prosperous.

Also the British navy has been quietly but busily at work, reinforced by colonial troops, chasing this dangerous commercial rival from his every foothold in the Pacific. During this week the last German wireless station in the South Pacific was destroyed.

But such achievements figure in ledgers and account books—not in headlines. The demand for some "action" from the fleet had grown stronger and stronger.

On the evening of the 22d news came that three British cruisers of the 1898 type had been sunk by German submarines. The loss of life is still uncertain, but probably was about the same as that in the Titanic disaster, which shocked the world not so very long ago. It is much easier to censor news of a sea action than of a land battle. But the indications are that the British Admiralty, in response to popular clamor, sent these three almost obsolete boats into danger—apparently in the hope that some of the German ships would give chase and be led into trouble. The Germans responded to the challenge by submarines, and did so most effectively.

New York, September 23.

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THE WEEK

THE PROPOSED TRUCE IN COLORADO

In response to the urgent request of President Wilson that the war between the miners and their employers in Colorado be suspended by a three-year truce, the miners have conveyed their consent. The operators, on the other hand, make objection to certain of the stipulations in the President's proposal.

The Commissioners, whose report on the Colorado situation received the President's indorsement, proposed that a truce be agreed upon under conditions which The Outlook has already summarized. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a director and a shareholder representing a substantial minority interest, is one of the participants in the present state of war. Mr. Welborn, President of the company, has replied to the President, and his reply has received the indorsement of Mr. Rockefeller.

Among the points made by Mr. Welborn two stand out as of prime importance. Both of these relate to one of the conditions of the truce—namely, that "all striking miners who have not been guilty of violation of the law" be re-employed. With regard to this, Mr. Welborn says, in the first place, that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has not work enough available to provide places for all such men. Indeed, on account of the curtailment of steel production, the company, he says, may not be able to supply work for all the men even now employed. To agree, therefore, with this condition proposed by the President's Commissioners would subject the company, in his opinion, to serious difficulties. In the second place, Mr. Welborn points out that a mine is at best a hazardous place, and he implies that the hazard of mining would be increased if the company allowed men of violent temper, restrained by nothing more than a truce in the midst of hostilities, to work alongside of men peaceably inclined.

Whatever force there may be in this official reply to the President's proposal—and we have mentioned the most forcible points—it seems to us clear that the companies are under a distinct obligation to do something more than to criticise the President's plan and to offer co-operation in general terms. The President is reported to have expressed his firm adherence to the necessity of a plan of adjustment.

The situation in Colorado has long passed the limits of public tolerance. If the business of coal-mining in Colorado cannot be carried on privately except under conditions of war, some other method of carrying on that industry must be devised. A corporation which fails in meeting its obligations to bondholders is by direction of the Government placed in the hands of a receiver in order that the interest of the creditors may be preserved. But the obligations of a corporation are not limited to those of bondholders. Every corporation has obligations toward the public. If it fails to meet those obligations, why should it not be required to undergo a process analogous to that of appointing a receiver, and then be conducted under the control of the proper governmental authorities in such a way that its obligations to the public may be fulfilled?

WAR TAXES AND THE "PORK BARREL"

A clever cartoon represents Uncle Sam as the "innocent bystander" of the war, hit by high taxes, high prices, and bad business in a fight as to which he is neutral. Congress is trying to alleviate some of these injuries, but at its best treatment by taxation is disagreeable. With the report accompanying the War Tax Bill presented in the House last week was submitted an estimate of an expected falling off of about $125,000,000 in customs revenue next year. To meet this, apart from other sources of income, at least $100,000,000 should be obtained by new taxes. The bill abandons the unpopular or impracticable proposals of income tax increases and of taxes on railway freights; it lays the burden chiefly on "luxuries"—liquors, beers, tobacco, gasoline, amusement enterprises; but also lays a specific tax on bankers and brokers, and stamp taxes on bonds, bills of exchange, certificates of indebtedness, bills of lading and some other documents, but not on checks, drafts, or certificates of deposit. Telephone messages and parlor-car and sleeping-chair tickets are also to be taxed. Of course many changes may be made in this programme before it is adopted, but as it stands it seems to meet with general approval.

But while the American citizen is willing to be taxed in an emergency, he is indignantly pointing out to Congress that it must

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not waste and tax simultaneously. Two weeks ago The Outlook urged upon Congress the folly and wickedness of passing a River and Harbor Bill of enormous size and more than doubtful utility. It is bad enough in ordinary times to see this "pork barrel," mutual-extravagance jobbery pass, but thus to expend public funds one day and to impose $100,000,000 new taxes the next is unendurable. Senator Burton, of Ohio, made a valiant stand in the Senate on this point, kept up a fight that included an all-night session, and finally secured a recommittal of the bill to the Commerce Committee, from which it returned shorn of $20,000,000 out of its proposed $53,000,000, and was so passed by the Senate. It is still uncertain as we write what will be the outcome in the House, but that the will of the people demands economy in this and other public expenditure is more and more evident. The New York "Sun," when the bill seemed likely to pass, warned Democratic leaders against making it necessary to defend a party "which came into power pledged to economy, outstripped the most notorious achievements of its predecessors in extravagance, found the Nation in a situation which convinced it that resort must be had to burdensome new taxes, and, while imposing such taxes with one hand, with the other shamefully looted the Treasury."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR RELIEF

In response to the President's proclamation designating next Sunday, the 4th of October, as a day of prayer and supplication, people all over this country will on that day be assembling in their accustomed places of worship to pray for peace. On that occasion, it has been suggested, the offerings of the congregations would be most appropriately devoted to the relief of suffering caused by the war. We believe that this suggestion will commend itself to every church.

We here give a list of organizations to which such contributions can be sent with the assurance that they will be devoted to that object.

First on the list, because most comprehensive, is the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Checks made out to the order of that organization and mailed to its headquarters will be devoted to relief of distress without regard to race or nationality. The Red Cross has branches in various places. There is no reason why such contributions should not be sent to the local branch if that is found more convenient.

Subscriptions can be sent to J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall St., New York, for the "War Sufferers' Fund," to be distributed regardless of creed or nationality to establish organizations by a special Committee consisting of officers of American Societies in London, namely, Herbert Clark Hoover, Chairman of the American Relief Fund; Mrs. Lou Henry Hoover, President of the Society of American Women in London; Mrs. John Astor, Vice-President American War Relief Committee; G. W. McKinley, American Club; the honorary secretary of the Committee being Miss Winifred Holt, of the American Relief Committee, and the honorary treasurers, Messrs. Morgan, Grenfell & Co.

A German Relief Fund has been created for the relief of German wounded and German orphans and widows. The money is sent to its destination through the German Embassy. Checks for this object may be made out to the "New York Trust Company for the German Relief Fund," and sent to the New York Trust Company, 26 Broad Street, New York City.

Contributions for the relief of French sufferers in the war may be sent to the French Benevolent Society of New York (of which the corporate name is Société Française de Bienfaisance de New York), 450 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

The Belgian refugees who fled from invasion, and who have suffered because their country has been made a battlefield contrary to their own consent or will, have of course a special claim upon the sympathies of all neutral peoples. There is a special committee formed for the relief of the Belgian sufferers. Checks made out to the order of "J. P. Morgan & Co., for Belgian Relief Fund" and sent to J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York City, will be devoted to the relief of Belgian refugees, under the direction of a specially formed committee of responsible men.

Switzerland, which, like Belgium, is a neutral country, is suffering because its troops are mobilized to defend its borders against possible invasion, and because the influx of refugees has overstrained its resources. So Switzerland is also calling for help. Funds for the relief of Swiss sufferers may be sent to the Swiss Relief Fund, 241 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The natural channel for relief in these

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days is the Red Cross. It has its organizations all over the world. It is experienced in the work of relief, and we are sure that those who desire to send their contributions to the American Red Cross will make no mistake. There may be special reasons for sending certain contributions to some one of the other above-mentioned organizations. We hope that every church that holds a service in response to the President's proclamation will in some way contribute to the relief of the sufferers that war has produced.

THE CRIME AT RHEIMS

The Cathedral Church of Notre Dame in the French city of Rheims has suffered severely from the artillery fire of the Germans. How great the damage is it is as yet impossible to say with certainty; but there is no doubt that it has been severe, and a great deal of it is irreparable. Early reports stated that the Cathedral was practically destroyed. Later reports state that the main structure stands, but that the decorations have been damaged, notably the glass of the windows. That of course can never be replaced.

Probably no monument of mediæval art was better known to the world than the Cathedral at Rheims. Many experts have regarded it as, on the whole, the greatest monument of a period of inspiring creative work. Its west front seen across the square was like a glorious personification of the aspiration, faith, and life of the Middle Ages; and in its center was the famous rose window in which prophets and martyrs were glorified by the afternoon sun. Both the window and the gallery beneath it, and, for that matter, the whole church, were magnificent expressions of the human spirit flowering in stone rather than a material structure reared by calculation and machinery. American children have known the Cathedral for a generation through its association with the "Jackdaw of Rheims;" every French child has known it because more than any other church it has been identified with French history. All the kings of France save six were crowned in it; and its seven hundred years of life have been contemporaneous with the history of France itself. In that history there has been no more striking scene than the coronation of Charles VI, with Joan of Arc, the sacred banner in her hands, standing beside the King. Her equestrian statue still stands in front of the ruins of the great minster.

A great deal has been said of late about German culture. Rheims was the center of culture nine hundred years ago; the liberal arts were taught in the famous schools founded by the monarch who afterwards became Pope Sylvester II.

If, as alleged, and as seems to us highly improbable, the Cathedral towers were used for the mounting of guns by the defenders, then the responsibility cannot be placed upon those who fired on the Cathedral, and must be borne by the defenders.

Even savages in war respect sacred places. There is no excuse that the civilized world will accept for the wanton destruction—or even injury—of such a monument as the Rheims Cathedral; and no excuse which military men will accept for the destruction of such a monument through bad marksmanship. To destroy human life in war is evil enough; but to destroy a work of art is to destroy the human soul, for it is in such monuments as the Cathedral at Rheims that the soul of the men of the Middle Ages, whose bodies have long since decayed, is still alive in the world to-day.

The Pope has called for contributions from the Roman Catholic churches for the repair or reconstruction of the Cathedral at Rheims. All those who are loyal members of the Roman Catholic Church; all those who believe in the catholic Christian faith, shared by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike; all those who, whatever their spiritual faith, believe that art can and should minister to the spiritual life; all those who are indifferent to the spiritual life but believe in art; all those who care neither for the church, the spiritual faith, nor art, but are indignant at this barbaric attack upon a monument sacred to millions of their fellow-men, might well take a part in its reconstruction. If they do, there will be no difficulty in providing the necessary funds for the purpose.

THE CASE OF BELGIUM

A special Mission of eminent Belgians has visited this country and has laid before President Wilson "an account of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and of the laws of war on Belgian territory." A summary of this account has appeared in the daily press. The account in full, under the title "The Case of Belgium," is published by the Mac-

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millan Company of New York, and is obtainable at a small price.

The Mission which has presented this account consists of Mr. Henry Carton de Wiart, Belgian Minister of Justice, Special Envoy of the King of the Belgians to the President of the United States, and three Belgian Ministers of State, Messrs. de Sadeleer, Hymans, and Vandervelde.

This pamphlet covers two subjects: first, the question as to the violation of Belgium's neutrality; second, as to the reprisals inflicted upon the Belgian population.

The question of Belgium's neutrality is treated in the pamphlet concisely. A fuller discussion of that aspect of Belgium's case is to be found in this issue of The Outlook in an article by a member of the Mission, Mr. Paul Hymans—the first full and authoritative statement on this subject which has appeared in any American periodical. The other aspect of Belgium's case, the reprisals inflicted upon the Belgian population by the German troops, occupies the larger part of the pamphlet. Testimony with regard to these reprisals was secured by a Commission of Inquiry consisting of Belgian magistrates and scholars, which heard witnesses. The findings of this Commission are summarized. They relate to alleged atrocities, to an alleged massacre at Aerschot, to the destruction of Louvain. They comprise charges of the killing of civilians without even the semblance of trial, the use of women as a screen behind which the invaders protected themselves, the disregard of the Red Cross insignia, and even the killing of women and children. The allegations made in this report are supported by testimony and fortified by names and dates. Some of this testimony is hearsay, but much of it is direct and specific account by men and women whose names are given and who declare themselves to be eye-witnesses of the deeds concerning which they testify.

In receiving and listening to the Belgian Mission, in refusing to conduct an *ex parte* investigation, and in demanding an eventual international investigation, the President has taken a statesmanlike course which is not only correct in form but is worthy of the hearty indorsement of the American people. It is essential whenever the Nation is neutral that the Government of the Nation should scrupulously maintain not only the form but the spirit of neutrality. For that same reason the President has done well in refusing to listen to a delegation of German-American citizens who had undertaken to reply to the Belgian statements.

The fact, however, that the Government is under obligation to maintain strict neutrality cannot prevent American citizens from forming their opinions on this case of Belgium. It was right that Americans individually should be cautious in forming their judgments so long as the only basis was newspaper reports; but now that what has occurred in Belgium has been made the subject of an official report set forth with circumstantial detail, Americans will not be satisfied with a mere suspension of judgment.

Next week The Outlook will consider at length the case of Belgium as it has thus been set forth in historical documents and in testimony.

WASHINGTON ALLEYS: A HALF-WAY MEASURE

A Nation-wide, but unfortunately an erroneous, impression was given on the day that Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the President, died, that Congress had, at her dying request, passed a model bill to eliminate objectionable alleys in Washington. On that day the Senate did pass a bill proposing to regulate the construction of buildings along alleyways in the District of Columbia, but it embodied practically none of the provisions of a bill which had been drawn with very great care by a Committee of Washington men and women, and which was introduced in the House of Representatives after it had received the cordial indorsement of both Mrs. Wilson and the President. No action was taken by the House of Representatives at that time, although, some days later, the District Committee reported favorably the model bill. Shortly after that the Senate Bill was substituted, and, on Monday, September 14, the House passed, with slight amendments, the Senate or substitute bill. The Senate completed the legislative action on September 18 by approving the House amendments.

The model bill, set aside, proposed the gradual elimination of the existing alleys and their bad housing in Washington, and in minute detail provided the methods and machinery by which they should be eliminated during a period covering ten years. The bill just passed contains none of these details, and provides no method or direction for carrying out its terms.

The only respect in which it follows the

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model bill is that it specifies that "the use or occupation of any building or other structure erected or placed on or along any alley as a dwelling or residence or place of abode by any person or persons is hereby declared injurious to life, the public health, morals, safety, and welfare of said District, and such use or occupation of any such building or other structure on, from and after the first day of July, 1918, shall be unlawful." In fact, the bill is little more than the re-enactment of an act that has been in effect since 1892, which then prohibited further construction of alley houses and proposed regulations for those already existing. The new Act declares that "it shall be unlawful in the District of Columbia to erect, place, or construct any dwelling on any lot or parcel of ground fronting on an alley where such alley is less than thirty feet wide throughout its entire length, and which does not run straight to and open on two of the streets bordering a square, and is not supplied with sewer, water mains, and gas or electric light."

The model bill provided definitely for the tearing down of existing small alley structures that did not conform to certain definite requirements. The present Act, to be effective, must be followed by supplementary legislation which will place definitely on municipal authorities the responsibility for tearing down the poor dwellings already standing and transforming the objectionable alleys, many of them inside alleys and courts, into regular thoroughfares. So, while the bill as just passed is a slight step in the right direction, it is in practically no respects the bill that had been carefully drawn and which Mrs. Wilson so deeply wished to see enacted into law.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

What has taken place in Mexico has been the victory of an armed revolution. Out of this military triumph should spring the beginnings of lawful civil government. To-day there is no constitutional authority; Huerta's dictatorship has passed into oblivion; there is nothing of the Madero régime in existence to be recognized. Carranza is ruling as "First Chief," but not as Provisional President. His course in summoning a convention of leaders of the revolution to select a Provisional President is not only correct but inevitable. Out of it will come, or should come, an announcement of the land, financial, and educational policies of the Constitutionalists, and a plan for a national election to place in power a President and legislators pledged to those policies. But last week came definite reports of a break between Villa and Carranza. Villa refuses longer to recognize Carranza as "First Chief," declines to attend the convention of revolutionary leaders, holds General Obregon (sent to him by Carranza to help settle troubles in Sonora) as practically a prisoner, and has strengthened his own army in northern Mexico. This threatening situation grows out of long-standing mutual distrust and many causes of offense.

The trouble between Villa and Carranza may lead to further postponement of the evacuation of Vera Cruz. Already it was clear that several matters must be adjusted with the Mexican Government *de facto* before our forces leave Vera Cruz. General Funston suggested to the War Department, when the withdrawal was decided upon, that such delay—perhaps until October 10—would be wise. For one thing, thousands of refugees crowd Vera Cruz, where they have sought safety under the American flag—adherents of Huerta, Federal soldiers, and especially priests and nuns who are afraid of the new government. Some of these our Government may properly help to depart; and as to the others, time at least should be allowed to facilitate their safe retreat. Another matter that has given some trouble is the question whether Carranza will recognize as valid the collection of taxes and customs dues that has been made by the American officers, or seek to collect the same taxes a second time—which would obviously be oppressive.

It is certainly better for our forces to remain in Vera Cruz a little longer than first planned rather than to withdraw hastily and leave causes of dissension and disturbance.

HOME RULE AND THE WAR

Nothing shows more clearly the absorbing importance of the European war than the fact that the Home Rule Bill, concerning which Ireland was recently on the verge of civil war, has been passed and signed by the King, and has received only incidental attention from the newspapers.

The union between Great Britain and Ireland was effected a hundred and fourteen years ago. Mr. Redmond once declared that it had been the cause of poverty, misery, depopulation, demoralization, disloyalty, insurrection, and bloodshed. Its place is now to be taken, in his own words, "by a new

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union founded on mutual respect and good will between the two islands, and to be followed, I firmly believe, by a history of peace, prosperity, and loyalty."

The announcement in Parliament that the King had signed the Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill was the occasion for a great outburst of enthusiasm. The Nationalists and Liberals sprang to their feet, and the great room re-echoed with their cheers; a labor leader asked permission to sing "God Save the King!" and, without waiting for word from the Speaker, started the first verse, and broke down with emotion; the members rose as a body, the spectators in the audience joined them and sent the familiar hymn echoing into the Palace yard. The cry, "God save Ireland!" was met by John Redmond with the cry, "God save England!" The operation of both bills is suspended by agreement for one year, and Parliament has been prorogued until October 27.

Thus, in very characteristic Irish and English fashion, ends this long-continued and bitter struggle. Apparently on the verge of civil war, the common peril to the country has silenced all internal divisions, and Great Britain presents to-day a united front as "far flung" as her remotest colonies.

Two things have given special joy to the English people: the universal conviction that the war is one of necessity and that every man, whatever his politics, can put not only all his resources but his whole conscience in it; and the spontaneous loyalty of all the colonies. More than half a million men, exclusive of the "Territorials," have volunteered. The great Indian princes have placed all the resources of that country at the call of the English Government, and two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry have already been sent from India to Europe. The rulers of a large number of native states have with one accord offered their personal services as well as all the resources of their various states to the Government. The Maharajah of Cashmere has contributed nearly $40,000 to the Prince's National Relief Fund. It is interesting to note that immediately following the report of this great contribution there is reported a present of a gold locket by a poor girl who works at home to support an invalid mother and who has three brothers in the field. The object of the Prince's Relief Fund, which has passed the twelve-million-dollar mark, is to aid wives, families, and dependents of soldiers, sailors, and reservists on active service and to alleviate distress among civilians arising from the war. All checks are made payable to the Prince of Wales.

TWO VISITING NOVELISTS

It is a fortunate hour which brings to this country in war time two such practitioners of good writing and makers of interesting stories as Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. James Matthew Barrie, whom we ought now to call "Sir James." One of the most effective stories of the past twelve months was Mr. Mason's "The Witness for the Defense." It was not convincing, but it was immensely interesting; as for "The Four Feathers," published ten or twelve years ago, many people are agreed that no better story as a story had appeared for many a day. "Running Water," which followed it after an interval of five years, contains a strikingly vivid description of high mountain climbing; and "The Broken Road," which dates from the same year, is a dramatization of the race question raised when the East Indian prince educated at a public school and at a university is eager to marry an Englishwoman.

Of late years Sir James Barrie has so captivated American readers by his charming plays that they have almost forgotten "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," "Margaret Ogilvy." "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens" has reappeared in the captivating "Peter Pan" of Miss Maude Adams. "The Professor's Love Story," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," have filled New York theaters for several years and have proved that a wholesome play in which wit and sentiment are happily fused pays better than "The Easiest Way" and other heart-to-heart talks on vice.

Of course Mr. Barrie has been immensely fortunate in finding such an interpreter as Miss Maude Adams. Last winter she almost made "The Legend of Leonora" historical; and she seems to have been born to interpret Mr. Barrie's women: whimsical, clean-minded, warm-hearted, full of the gayety of the consciousness of superiority to man and yet bound to his fortunes without any sense of duress or even of boredom. Sir James refuses to talk about the war and he also declines to talk about his plays and his books

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because in England nothing is wanted but war dramas.

When he was here a number of years ago, an ardent reporter confronted him at the pier with the question, "What do you think of bimetallism?" Thackeray gave great offense among certain people in the lower South when, in answer to the question, "What do they think in England of Augusta Evans?" he said, incautiously, "They do not think of her at all." Sir James had never thought of bimetallism and had nothing to say on the subject, in which he differed radically from many of the gentlemen who did talk about it. He is reported to have said that he came over to see Miss Adams play. If any excuse were needed for his presence on this continent, this would be entirely adequate; every American would understand it.

TO ELIMINATE THE UNFIT

Feeble-mindedness has come to be recognized universally as one of the primary causes of crime, vice, and poverty. In appointing a Commission to "investigate the subject of the public provision for the care, custody, treatment, and training of the mentally deficient, including epileptics," New York has taken a forward step that should prove of great benefit to the entire country. Governor Glynn's appointments were excellent. The Commission consists of Robert W. Hebberd, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, as Chairman; Dr. Duggan, head of the Department of Education of the City College; Dr. Schlapp, head of the Clearing-House for Mental Defectives; Dr. Dana, of the Cornell Medical School; and Mrs. Mary C. Dunphy, superintendent of the largest institution for defective children in the State. The Legislature has been generous and has granted an appropriation of $10,000 for the inquiry.

In at least fourteen States of the Union further provision for the feeble-minded was acknowledged as the greatest social need last year, and in many others there is now an agitation to arouse public interest in the problem. It therefore becomes the task of the New York Commission to present a broad, statesmanlike programme for the care of the feeble-minded and the ultimate elimination of feeble-mindedness from society—a plan that will be applicable universally.

Realizing this, the Commission plans to make a thorough study of actual and possible provision for the feeble-minded, and the methods in use here and elsewhere of determining and treating those who are so handicapped. It hopes, moreover, to make as thorough a study of the cause of mental defect as is possible in the short time at its disposal, and to trace the relationship between degeneracy and social stagnation, poverty, and immorality, as well as the effect of mental deficiency on both dependency and delinquency.

Such a study involves many fundamental questions in the fields of medicine, psychology, sociology, and education. In its conclusions the Commission must render an opinion on the problems of asexualization, segregation, psychoanalysis, control of marriage, the best method of educational training, sex hygiene, character development, and the betterment of social conditions both urban and rural. This is truly a broad trust, and one that can be performed only if it receives the co-operation of all socially minded citizens and experienced authorities all over the country. With such support the New York Commission has a rare opportunity of offering a genuine contribution to the control of this grave social menace.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN MUNICH

In the course of editorial correspondence in The Outlook for September 9 some account was given of a daily newspaper, which one of the editors of The Outlook helped to edit, published in London for the benefit of stranded Americans there; mention was also made of a similar daily newspaper which another of the editors of The Outlook, Mr. E. F. Baldwin, helped to edit in Munich. Copies of this paper, called "American Notes in Munich," have now been received. The paper bears an announcement that it is published at Schellingstrasse 46, and that communications concerning the editorial department may be sent to Elbert Francis Baldwin, Editor, at that address. Among the well-known Americans whose names appear on the committees formed for the assistance of Americans are President Garfield, of Williams College, and Professor Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Aside from announcements of names of members of the various relief committees and of the contributors to relief funds, this paper gives little information with regard to what was done by Americans for Americans in Munich. In this respect the paper differs

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from the "American Bulletin" in London. On the other hand, the "American Notes in Munich" devotes a preponderant amount of space, after the first few issues, to the subject of the war.

The issue of August 19, for instance, contains a poem on the war; the announcement of a gift of money; a notice concerning the American Red Cross; a résumé of a Red Cross lecture dealing with "the lymphatic circulation, the nervous system, and wounds;" the usual notices about the Committee; a statement as to the Bavarian Government's courtesy, which leads to the statement that "the present exigency has, in the first place, made infinitely clearer to us the patriotism, unity, and purpose of the German people; secondly, it has strengthened the ties binding Germans and Americans as nothing else has done or could do;" a brief railway schedule; a historical note about the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente; and items regarding the progress of the war.

The principal article in the issue of August 21 is an editorial on Pius X; following that there is an editorial on "The Shock from Japan," which concludes that Germany "can well await with calmness Japan's action" in entering the war; and that "we Americans are following this new turn of affairs with special attention, for it is not at all in our interest that Japan should enrich herself in the Pacific Ocean at Germany's expense." Another article in the same issue is by Professor Morris Jastrow; it is an appreciation of Germany and an exhortation to Americans who have been in Germany to convey to their people at home correct views about the German cause.

Another issue contains an extended editorial to show that Servia was the cause of the war. With regard to Belgian neutrality the "American Notes in Munich" remarks:

> Had Belgium kept quiet during the march of the German army through the neutral territory (which had become necessary in consequence of French prior penetration into Belgium), the inevitable occupation of the whole Kingdom by Germany, with all the heavy burdens of war, would have been spared. With a beneficent neutrality on the part of Belgium, Germany would have been contented with an insignificant march near the German border; as it is, the German army now in Belgium must create, through the occupation of the country, a wide and sure base for the advance march.

Evidently the Americans in Munich believe that France was the violator of Belgian neutrality, not Germany, in spite of the fact that it was Germany, not France, which Belgium resisted. This issue also contains a long editorial entitled "Et tu, Anglia!" which places the responsibility for the breach between Great Britain and Germany upon the British Government.

It is clear from an examination of this American newspaper published in Munich that the German point of view has made a great impression upon Americans sojourning in Germany.

OUR GROWING POPULATION

Since the Census of 1910 was taken the population of all the territory embraced by the United States has increased more than 7,000,000, according to a bulletin containing estimates of population for the years since 1910, which was prepared by experts of the Department of Commerce for use by the Census Bureau in calculating death rates and per capita averages for the last four years. The estimates, which are believed to be fairly accurate, were made according to what is known as the arithmetical method, which assumes that the increase in population each year since the census year of 1910 has been equal to the average annual increase from 1900 to 1910.

According to this bulletin, the population of all the territory of the United States is now 109,021,992. In 1910 it was 101,748,269. There are now believed to be 98,781,324 persons in the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia, as against 91,972,266 in 1910. According to the bulletin, every State is gaining in population, and the gain seems to be distributed pretty evenly over the entire country. The largest sheer gain is credited to Massachusetts, which is believed to have jumped from 2,366,416 to 3,605,522—an increase of more than a million.

As regards the cities, it is believed that the increase is pretty well distributed among them also, except that the Pacific coast towns have had more than their share, according to the Department of Commerce. New York, Boston, and St. Louis are also believed to be growing rapidly, with Chicago and Philadelphia proceeding at a more leisurely pace. New York, which had 4,766,883 inhabitants in 1910, has 5,333,537 at the present time, according to the estimate of the census experts.

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The peoples engaged in this terrible European war recognize a moral force in the conscience of mankind with which they must reckon, and they are pleading their case before this world tribunal. They appeal especially to the people of the United States, partly because under our free institutions public opinion has great facility both for formation and expression, partly because we are remote from the conflict and our jury is less prejudiced.

The German Emperor has appealed to all people against the use of dumdum bullets, the Belgian Mission against the violation of Belgian neutrality and the alleged German atrocities in Belgium, the French Government against the bombardment of Rheims. Nor are these appeals made only by the official organs of the Governments. Such men of eminence as Professors Sloane, Münsterberg, Brander Matthews, Eucken, and Haeckel present to American readers the case for the respective contestants. It is the duty of the American people to listen and to judge. Neutrality means neither ignorance nor indifference. It means that the American Government shall give no aid to either side in the war; it means that the people shall exercise a careful and unprejudiced moral judgment upon the war.

This duty is emphasized by the tendency of certain people to hold all the Powers equally to blame; to treat them all as alike criminal; to demand from all alike that they lay down their arms; to assume that the one object to be sought is peace on any terms and at any price. When we read in the papers the terrible accounts of thousands of men killed and many more thousands wounded, and know of the women widowed, the children orphaned, the homes desolated, the cities destroyed, this demand for peace on any terms and at any price seems not unnatural. But it is unjust. War is not a disease, it is a symptom. Only quacks treat symptoms; scientific physicians treat disease. It is our duty to seek to know the facts respecting the origin and the conduct of this war that we may know who are responsible for bringing it on and for needless cruelties in its conduct. Public judgment on some of these questions must be delayed for fuller information, but the American people have ample information for a just judgment on the question, Who brought on this war? That information we propose to state here for our readers, with our own conclusions.

Negotiations between Austria, Germany, Russia, France, and England were carried on by letters, telegrams, and conversations for a period of fifteen days preceding the war. The correspondence between England and the Powers has been published by the English Government without note or comment; it is called the British White Paper. Some of the official correspondence has also been published by the German Government, accompanied with arguments for the purpose of showing that Germany and Austria are guiltless and Russia and France are guilty; this publication is called the German White Book.[1] In what follows we give to our readers the important points in this diplomatic correspondence.

On June 28 last the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife were assassinated at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, by two Bosniacks—Slavs, but subjects of Austria. This assassination Austria regarded as a fruit of Servian agitation against Austria-Hungary, a large proportion of whose subjects are Slavs, and began an investigation, without, however, so far as is known, indicating this fact to Servia.

Three weeks after this assassination Sir Edward Grey, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, wrote to the English Ambassador at Berlin, expressing apprehension lest war should grow out of this incident. War, he said, between any of the great Powers was abhorrent; that "any of them should be dragged into a war by Servia would be detestable."

Four days later Austria, in an official paper presented to the Servian Government, affirmed that the assassination at Sarajevo was planned in Belgrade, the Servian capital; that Servian officers had co-operated in planning the assassination, and that it was the culmination of a long series of Servian agitations against Austria-Hungary, and demanded that the Servian Government should publicly recognize the existence of such alleged Servian propaganda and publicly condemn it; that Servia should pledge herself to suppress any publication in the Servian press which incited to hatred and contempt of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; to dissolve a society

[1] The British White Paper and the German White Book have been published by the New York "Times" in one pamphlet at the price of ten cents. They have also been printed in very convenient form as one of the monthly issues of the American Society for International Conciliation, 407 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York.

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styled Narodna Odbrana, said by Austria to be engaged in this anti-Austrian agitation; to eliminate from the schools in Servia both teachers and text-books that might serve to foment that propaganda; to remove from military and civil administration any officers whose names Austria-Hungary should communicate to Servia as conspirators; to accept the collaboration in Servia of representatives of the Austro-Hungarian Government in the suppression of Servian agitation against Austria-Hungary; and to arrest certain individuals specified by the Austrian Government as participants in the conspiracy; and she called on Servia to reply to this demand within forty-eight hours. No evidence was then submitted by the Austrian Government, and none has since been submitted either to Servia or to the European Powers, in support of the accusations contained in this demand. At the time it was presented, the German Emperor and the French President and Prime Minister were absent from their respective capitals. The demand of Austria was both in form and in tone such as one independent Power could not be expected to receive from another independent Power without resentment. Sir Edward Grey, writing to the English Ambassador at Berlin, said of it: "I have never before seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character." The German Government officially declared that "the course of procedure and demands of the Austro-Hungarian Government can only be regarded as equitable and moderate;" but unofficially the German Secretary of State confessed privately that he "thought the note left much to be desired as a diplomatic document."

Sir Edward Grey instantly began efforts to bring about some just and peaceful settlement—efforts continued without intermission during the ten days which elapsed between the presentation of Austria's demand on Servia and the beginning of the war on August 2. During these ten days he sent forty-seven letters and telegrams to English representatives at the European capitals; that is, between four and five every day. In this correspondence he was representing a democratic government. He had to consider in every telegram, not only what action the English Parliament and the English people would support, but also how he could express his anticipation of their action in terms so frank that he could not afterward be accused of deception, and in terms so courteous that he would not by his language arouse needless hostility.

He wrote to Servia that if it were proved that Servian officials were accomplices in the murder of the Archduke she ought to give Austria the fullest satisfaction. He wrote to France, Italy, and Germany, urging that, if Russia took any action in defense of Servia, as it was probable she would, Germany, France, Italy, and England should act together for the sake of peace simultaneously in Vienna and St. Petersburg. When objection was made by Germany that a court of arbitration could not be called together except at the request of Austria and Russia, he declared himself ready to take up any method by which the four Powers could work together for peace, and for that purpose was ready to co-operate with them in urging specific negotiations between Russia and Austria. The danger of a European war he pointed out in very plain terms, and, if such war occurred, he said that it "would be the biggest ever known."

The Servian Government sent to Austria a conciliatory reply, asking for evidence of the truth of the charges preferred by Austria, consenting to go as far as her Constitution and laws would allow in suppressing publications objectionable to Austria, and pledging herself to ask the Servian Parliament for additional legislation; and, finally, proposing that if her reply was not acceptable, the question between herself and Austria be referred either to the International Tribunal at The Hague or to the Great Powers. Russia, France, and Italy met Sir Edward Grey's proposals in Sir Edward Grey's spirit, and announced their readiness to work together for the peace of Europe. The Russian Foreign Minister promised to use all his influence at Belgrade to induce the Servian Government to go as far as possible in giving satisfaction to Austria, "but her territorial integrity must be guaranteed and her rights as a sovereign state respected, so that she would not become Austria's vassal." He declared that "Russia would be quite ready to stand aside and leave the question in the hands of England, France, Germany, and Italy." He urged Austria to give Servia a longer time for a reply, so that the Powers might take steps to avert the threatened complications. He urged Servia to pursue a conciliatory course; and the Russian Ambassador at Vienna went so far as to say that, even if Austria had invaded Servian ter-

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ritory, "he would advise his Government to induce the Servian Government to avoid any conflict as long as possible, and to fall back before an Austrian advance. Time so gained should suffice and enable a settlement to be realized." In fact, as our readers may remember, the Servian forces did at the first invasion of Austria thus fall back from the boundary line.

But Austria steadfastly refused every suggestion of mediation, and every invitation to negotiate either with the Powers or with Russia on the basis of her demand and Servia's reply. To this day she has never given to the Powers nor, so far as is known, to the Servian Government any evidence in support of her charges that either the Servian Government or any of its officials were accessory to the assassination of the Austrian heir, Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The question whether these charges are true or not she has persistently refused to submit to the consideration of any impartial tribunal. The most she would do to meet the demand of Russia and the other European Powers was to promise that she would respect the integrity of Servian territory, but she refused to give any assurance that she would respect Servia's independence. The English Ambassador at Vienna reported that if the Austro-Hungarian Government would make a binding engagement that she would neither destroy the independence of Servia nor acquire Servian territory the Italian Ambassador thought that Russia might be induced to remain quiet, but the Italian Ambassador was convinced that this the Austrian Government would refuse to do. Both the English and the Russian Ambassadors at Vienna expressed their conviction that by Austria "the surrender of Servia was neither expected nor really desired."

Germany professed to desire peace, but the only method of securing European peace which Germany proposed was that the issue between Servia and Austria should be "localized." To all proposals of a conference by the Powers, repeatedly urged by England in different forms, Germany interposed a continuous negative. The German Imperial Chancellor thought there was no danger of a general war. "Austria's quarrel with Servia," he said, "was a purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do;" and he added that Russia neither wanted nor was in a position to make war. The English Ambassador in Berlin, writing to Sir Edward Grey, added, "I think that that opinion is shared by many people here." This position of Germany is reaffirmed by the German Government in its official defense of its action in the German "White Book." It says: "We emphatically took the position that no civilized country possessed the right to stay the arm of Austria in this struggle with barbarism and political crime and to shield the Servians against their just punishment." It adds respecting Sir Edward Grey's proposal for a joint conference of the Powers in which Germany, France, Italy, and England should unite: "We could not, however much we might approve the idea, participate in such a conference, as we could not call Austria in her dispute with Servia before a European tribunal."

In a nutshell, the issue between Germany and Austria, on the one side, and the other Great Powers of Europe, on the other side, may be thus defined: Austria wished to be let alone to do what she would with Servia; Germany insisted that Austria should be let alone. To this demand Russia interposed a decided negative, but she was willing to leave the issue between Austria and Servia to the judgment of an impartial tribunal in which she should have no part. How far Russia's action was due to her unwillingness that Austria should get a controlling influence in the Balkan States, how far it was due to Russia's race sympathy with the Servian people, is a question on which opinions will differ and to which no positive answer can be given. Both motives doubtless mingled in the feelings of the Russian people. It is, however, certain that the Russian Czar, in his message to the German Emperor, expressed the practically unanimous feeling of the Russian people: "An ignominious war has been declared against a weak country, and in Russia the indignation, which I fully share, is tremendous. I fear that very soon I shall be unable to resist the pressure exercised upon me and that I shall be forced to take measures which will lead to war." To this characterization of Austria's action as an "ignominious war" the German Emperor interposed a decided negative: "I cannot—as I told you in my first telegram—consider the action of Austria-Hungary as an 'ignominious war.' Austria-Hungary knows from experience that the promises of Servia, as long as they are merely on paper, are entirely unreliable." But he did not suggest why there should be

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any objection to submitting the truth of Austria's charges to a conference in which Germany would have a full voice and whose judgment would be enforced by all the European Powers.

While these negotiations were going on the danger of a general European war grew daily—yes, hourly—more imminent. Austria pushed forward her invasion of Servia; Russia began to prepare her army to defend Servia from Austria; Germany began to prepare her army for a possible invasion of Germany by Russia; France began to prepare her army for a possible invasion of France by Germany; even Belgium began to prepare to defend her neutrality. Still, Sir Edward Grey continued his efforts for peace. He urged Russia to delay her mobilization. Russia declared herself ready to demobilize her troops provided all the Powers would demobilize. She went further and agreed to demobilize provided Austria-Hungary would give assurance that she would respect the sovereignty of Servia, and submit certain of the demands of Austria, which Servia had not accepted, to an international discussion. Russia and France both besought England to take sides, and urged upon Sir Edward Grey that by doing so England would cause Germany and Austria to halt. Sir Edward Grey refused to take sides. He addressed a joint note to France and Germany, asking if they would respect Belgian neutrality in case of war. France said Yes, Germany said No. Germany asked England to promise neutrality and made certain pledges conditioned on such neutrality. These conditions are sufficiently indicated in Sir Edward Grey's reply, in which it is easy to discern a diplomatically concealed indignation:

> His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms.
>
> What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies.
>
> From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power and become subordinate to German policy.
>
> Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover.

The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

Still, Sir Edward Grey did not despair. His refusal to pledge the neutrality of England was accompanied by one last plea for peace:

> And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately.

The following day the German Government addressed an ultimatum to the Russian Government requiring that Russian forces should be demobilized, and declaring that the German Government would order the total mobilization of the German army on the Russian and French frontiers if within twelve hours the Russian Government did not give an undertaking to comply with the German demand. This notice, given July 31, made war inevitable. Two days later Berlin made formal announcement that "certain Russian troops having crossed the frontier, Germany and Russia are now in a state of war."

We leave this brief account of the diplomatic correspondence between the Powers preceding the war to the dispassionate judgment of our readers, with only two sentences of comment:

First: We do not believe that any lover of peace in America who will plead for peace on October 4 has begun to do as much for the world's peace as Sir Edward Grey did during those eventful days, and we think it will be difficult to find in history any man who has better earned the right to be enrolled among the world's peace-makers.

Second: Mere arrangements for securing peace are useless unless there is in those who control the government of the nations a sincere desire to take advantage of those arrangements. The arrangement for securing peace in July, 1914, was all that could be desired—a reference of the charges of Austria against Servia to either the Hague Tribunal or to an independent conference of the four Great Powers. Either of these references would have secured something like an impartial adjudication of those charges. The refusal of Austria to accept such adjudication was the prime cause of the war. The support which Germany gave to Austria in maintain-

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ing that persistent refusal in the face of persuasions by England, France, Italy, and Russia was the secondary cause of the war. History will hold Austria-Hungary and Germany responsible for the terrible tragedy which is now spreading desolation throughout Europe.

GOD NOT ON TRIAL

"Do not be disheartened," said Father Taylor, "because you were so weak. Remember that eighteen hundred years ago twelve feeble pairs of hands lifted up the world and carried it to God." That world is still a long way from God, but it is not so far from him as it was when twelve men of no means, of no repute, and of a little nation set out to reconstruct its whole life. They were an insignificant band of believers in a Teacher who had died an ignominious death, but they set out to convince the world of keen intelligence, of devotion to beauty, of a racial genius not surpassed in its work of art at Athens, and the world of organized power and of disciplined military and political genius at Rome, that the life and spirit of this crucified Teacher were more powerful than the civilization of the age, and that the future of the race and its happiness were in the keeping of a King who had no throne, no army, no nation. The enterprise of the little band of Jewish teachers and preachers was preposterous if its weakness was measured against the tremendous force which it set out, not only to oppose, but to overcome.

In three centuries it had made the cross the symbol of authority even more than of sacrifice; it had achieved the impossible; the Galilean had conquered. But this overcoming of outward authority was not a decisive victory; it was not a triumph of the truth, an enthronement of the Christ in the hearts of men; it was only the opening of the way to the mind and conscience of humanity. It was a swift and splendid forward movement, and it made ready for the greater, heavier, and longer campaign which was to follow.

The earth on which this gospel of righteousness and love was preached has been millions of years in the making; it is so old that it has forgotten its age, and the record was made so long ago that science has not yet been able to decipher it. It is the product of the gradual unfolding of a purpose so divinely great that no man has done more than catch a glimpse, in inspired moments, of the vastness and splendor of it.

And the building of a spiritual order in which the will of a righteous and loving God shall be both law and life is even more a matter of growth, of slow and gradual transformation. It is easier to cure the body than the soul, to make the house beautiful than to create a beautiful home, to establish external order than to develop inward purity and power. Many enthusiastic spirits have been misled by material and political progress and have come to believe, not only in a world made comfortable, but in a world redeemed; they had fallen into the habit of talking about Christian nations and a Christian civilization, and of the triumph of Christianity. In the horrors of the greatest war in history they have had a terrible awakening, and a paralyzing skepticism has assailed them. In such a world can there be a God? After nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching battles are no longer swift conflicts between armies, but fierce struggles between contending peoples; the lines of battles are a hundred and fifty miles long, and three million men are facing one another. In such a world can there be a Providence who rules the affairs of men and cares for them as a father cares for his children?

A thousand times yes! It is not God, but man, who is on trial; man who prays often, not to the God of Christ, who declared that there can be no peace until righteousness is established, but to gods of his own making, to the tribal God whose care is for his own people and not for all his children in all nations. His truth has not failed, nor has his love. He has never promised ease and physical comfort; he has never said that the world was made for man's pleasure. He has promised strength, but as the result of discipline, self-denial, and suffering; he has promised security, but as the result of overcoming evil with good; he has promised peace, but only when justice has been established; he has promised a redeemed world, but only when purity and love have been enthroned and crowned.

Christianity has not failed; it has not even been tried. Hosts of men and women have lived by it, and been victorious over sorrow and trial, and died in the serenity of a faith which had become a life; but the world has never tried it. There is no Christian nation, nor is there a Christian civilization. In every nation there are sincere and faithful

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Christians, but there is no nation which, in spirit, institutions, and law, conforms to the law of Christian love. Some nations have gone further than others in Christian experience and the endeavor to make Christianity the controlling principle of national life; but no nation has yet gone beyond the early stages of this radical reconstruction. There are more Christians in Europe than in Asia, but European civilization is not Christian; there are more Christians in the United States than in China or Japan, but the United States is not Christian.

Despair has no place in a world for which Christ died and in which millions of men, however mistaken, are ready to lay down their lives for country or for honor; it is a time to face the fact that the world must patiently go to school until it has learned those great lessons of justice, self-sacrifice, and helpfulness which will make wars and rumors of wars memories of "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago."

THE INWARD REFUGE

Europe and the Far East are overrun by fugitives trying to elude themselves. It is a hopeless adventure from the start; the weariness travels with the fugitive, and, although he moves swiftly from place to place, it goes with him as the sheriff goes with the criminal whom he is guarding on a journey. Maurice Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" portrays the impossibility of the escape of the soul from the unfaltering pursuit of the divine purpose, and strikingly illustrates the profound saying of Phillips Brooks that the only way to flee from God is to flee into him. In the vain flight to get away from God the darkness of the night cannot hide the fugitive, nor can the wings of the morning bear him to a place beyond the reach of the divine love which pursues him, often disguised as a terrifying punishment, but always carrying healing with it.

Men cannot escape from God, because their lives are fulfilled only when they live with him in obedience and joy; they cannot escape from themselves, because in themselves are the sources of peace and rest and that eagerness for knowledge which is the evidence that these mortal bodies have immortal spirits. The only way to escape from ourselves is to flee into ourselves: to create in ourselves a world of such wholesome, varied, and vivid life that we find in ourselves a refuge from the discordant and confusing misery and discomfort of the world about us. This self-development is as far removed from egotism as the activity which brings health and freshness of energy is removed from the feverish restlessness which is the sign of inward poverty. A real fortune does not hang every hour on the price of stocks; it is an investment, not a speculation. Contentment and the happiness which flows from it are not at the mercy of changing conditions; they are the result of inward harmony, and in a world of shifting values they remain stable. The remedy for egotism is the possession of this inward wealth which makes a man rich not only for himself but for others.

This inward wealth is, in large measure, the fruit of outward activity. There is a famous English epitaph which suggests the great truth that at death all that a man possesses is that which he has given away; and it is a spiritual truism that the man who works for others works for himself. To strive for inward resources is to strive for the enrichment of the community. True self-development is a social as well as a personal duty. After tasting many pleasures, drinking from many cups of experience, and seeking adventures far and wide, Faust wins freedom and overtakes happiness when he begins to work for others. True self-culture is the fulfillment of that law of growth which makes life rational and keeps us sane in the confusion of things.

The end of travel is not to escape from ourselves, but to enrich and broaden our inward life; and travel fulfills its end only when it makes the traveler content to stay at home and happy in and with himself. The best travelers abroad are those who take Europe with them; to whom knowledge of history and of art opens the doors to localities of moving associations and to palaces and galleries in which the achievements of past generations are housed and protected for the enlightenment and joy of later generations. To understand Westminster Abbey one must have read English history; and really to see the Cathedral at Chartres one must know something of the mind and heart of the men and women whose prayer and praise took on such superb and aspiring forms. The outward world needs the illumination of the inward world, and they who flee to it as a refuge from inward poverty neither understand it nor are enriched by it.

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BAVARIA IN WAR TIME

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ALL about Partenkirchen, in Bavaria, there reigns a Sabbath stillness. From the Zugspitze—the highest mountain in Germany—down to the valley where the Partnach goes tumbling along there is nothing to suggest anything but serenity. The air is charged with the odors of field flowers, of clover and hay, of new-cut wood piled along the path, of the beeches and firs of the forest. One would like to stay a long, long time in such a place.

And, down the valley from Partenkirchen, throughout this blessed Bavarian high country, the red-tiled hamlets nestle in the rich fields and against the dark woods. The whole land spells only repose to body and spirit.

Go into some of those little towns hereabouts. You see old men and women and children there. Where are the young men? Gone. The peasant of yesterday, the tiller of the soil, the woodsman in the forest, is the soldier of to-day.

He went willingly. He went with a look of resolve lighting in his face—aye, and lighting this land. For his was the high resolve to do or die for his country.

Some of those who will oppose him on the battlefield will doubtless have high resolves too. Who shall say who has the right in the matter? The only thing to remember just now in Germany is that the spirit of crass militarism, recently shown at Zabern, seems no longer characteristic of any one—as it was then characteristic only of a minority. Instead, on the part of the active soldier or the reservist or the volunteer or the citizen left behind, there is only the spirit of absolute, enthusiastic, everlasting devotion to "*Das Vaterland.*"

Some of the men from the little towns have gone to the front; others have been detailed in the reserve ranks. The reservists of the second line have latterly been arriving in Munich. They came with bags and satchels and bundles of clothes in their hands and dressed in all kinds of queer-looking, varicolored, travel-stained, and dusty apparel. Rather clumsily they lumbered along through the streets at first, and then with an increasingly springy step, as they are cheered on every hand. A day or two later they reappeared, now in uniform and in ranks. A drillmaster was trying to make them march uniformly and smartly. Already they were marching with a steadier, sturdier swing. Their feet beat time over the resounding pavement.

And then the singing! Every day in Munich I looked under the red geraniums in the balcony window box, out through the iron grating into the court, and through the wide passage leading from it to the street, and saw the bluecoats passing by. There was color for you! There was movement! And there was sound, too, for as they march the soldiers sing in their glorious baritone as if it were one great voice, "Heimath," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." Music helps the march. The march becomes less clumsy.

And then the women! Every day wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, festoon the soldiers' guns with flowers. The women themselves move along the sidewalks, keeping step with their men folk in the streets, while sympathetic faces stamped with emotion appear at every window and handkerchiefs and flags are waved by willing hands. The women go to the railway station because they want to make the parting easier. They try to make it appear like an every-day parting. A mother cries to her boy, "Keep your feet warm," and the boy cries back, "Be careful not to be run over as you go home." Yet the hearts of both are heavy with foreboding while they actually smile bravely each to the other. The stranger within their gates is in the greater danger of sobbing.

The cook in our *pension* has given every one of her eight sons to the war, and is proud of it. She only wishes she had more to give. Yet those sons are her very life, and she says: "Something is wrong somewhere. It took the pains of life and death to bring each of those boys into the world. Did God intend them to be only *Kanonenfutter* [food for cannon]? *Ach, nein!*"

Yesterday a note came from a mother and daughter with whom we had an engagement to-day. The note read as follows: "We have just read that our precious Hans has passed away on the field of honor. We are

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proud in the midst of our pain! They say he was instantly killed. We are glad to think that he suffered little. As you will see, it is better that we should not meet our engagement to-morrow." No complaint. And yet those devoted women were left penniless.

Not only are soldiers continually marching through the Munich streets; little boys are playing at soldiering. They march up and down with laths for guns, with bits of string tied tightly around their waists to hold their tin swords in place, and with their caps cocked as nearly as may be to look like helmets.

With the young men at the front, the old gather nightly in one another's houses or in the cafés, and compare the events of 1914 with what they saw in 1870. Especially is the talk to the point when the events of to-day occur at places made historic in that war, or in former wars. Take Longwy, for instance. The Germans have captured the place four times; twice in the days of the first Napoleon, once in 1870, and now again.

Meanwhile the streets of Munich look like a great bouquet. From the flag-poles on the tops of the buildings the Bavarian or the Imperial flag is waving. From the cornices long poles jut out, and from the poles depend streamers reaching from the roof to the top of the first story. These streamers generally bear the Bavarian colors, blue and white. Think of a city of 600,000 people one mass of blue and white! Does one tire of the combination? No. Every day only makes it seem more attractive. As with the flags, so with the streamers. The Imperial black, white, and red is everywhere intermingled with the blue and white, while now and then come the municipal colors, orange and black.

Munich waited until she heard of the first great German victory before decorating herself. But when the news came—to every Bavarian doubly joyful because their Crown Prince won the victory—the city burst in a trice into all this lavishness of color.

It is in curious contrast with the people. One fancies the Bavarians as the most emotional of all the German peoples, as they are the most "live-and-let-live" sort. But the war has brought out an underlying quality—self-restraint. Look at the crowds reading the posters in the streets. Though there is a frank confession that the Russians are overrunning East Prussia twenty miles this side of tne border, there are accounts of German and Austrian successes farther south and of German successes on the French frontier; in short, the poster gives an opportunity for yells and yodels of joy. One might reasonably expect a general jubilation. But there is comparatively little shouting. Your Bavarian reads the news once, and then, because it is so important, once more. He reads it slowly. When he has taken it all in, he looks proud, but he looks intensely serious. For, appreciating all the information just received and feeling a patriotic pride in it, he yet has always before him the vision of the future. A man turned towards me the other day after reading one of the posters announcing a new triumph. He did not say, "Hurrah!" or "*Hoch die Armee!*" but simply "*Wir werden schwere Kämpfe haben*" (we have hard fighting ahead of us).

And this is what the Prussian sometimes calls "*der dumme Baver.*" But the Bavarian is not *dumm*, and never so stupid as not to realize that when Germany is attacked on all sides but one there is slim chance of the return home of many of those at the front, no matter how encouraging the early victories.

If enthusiasm for the Fatherland characterizes the reservists and the volunteers whom we now see, how true it was of the regulars whom we saw go to the front three weeks ago. Some of them have just arrived here, wounded. Others will never come back. There are already hundreds of wounded in the hospitals. But they have not come back for good. Ask them if they have, and you will hear on every hand an expression of longing to return to the front. "*Ach, ich möchte wieder dort sein*" ("Oh, I would like to be there again"), you hear. The atmosphere is full of the contagious spirit of defense.

Say what you will as to the causes of this ghastly and seemingly unnecessary war, all must acknowledge that the Germans are united and persistent in it. No matter what one may think as to the rights and wrongs involved, one cannot see such sights as we have seen without being convinced that, in the opinion of the German people, the fight is one for their very existence as a nation. *Das Vaterland* has entered into their inmost fiber. They are therefore defending their most sacred possession. Their aim in defense will be realized only when they become convinced that their whole country is verily "*ein feste Burg.*"

To this end—defense—their purpose is

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adamantine. No man in Munich (and I have talked with many) has even hinted that Germany wants to wage an offensive war or that she wants more land from either France or Russia. On the other hand, every man with whom I spoke affirmed this to be a war of defense, not offense, even if the Kaiser did declare war upon Russia, adding that he did not do so before Russia had secretly mobilized her whole land and sea force while ostensibly using him as a mediator between herself and Austria, and then, instead of demobilizing, as he requested, crossed the German border in several places and ravaged the country.

This idea of defense, not offense, is everywhere present. It may be, as has been alleged, that certain unworthy ambitions and aggressions are at the bottom of the war. Of them, however, there is no indication in this part of Germany at least. Only yesterday a Bavarian said to me: "It cuts us to the quick to have to fight France and England, simply because they are bound to Russia. Our quarrel is not with them, but with Russia. Had we the Russians alone to deal with, we could have whipped them in a week and sent them about their business."

The fact, however, that one after another Power has declared war upon Germany has stimulated patriotism here to a high pitch. Yet there was no need to stimulate it. There was no need to use any of the familiar devices which we use at home in our political party campaigns—the mass-meetings, the flag wavings, the torchlight processions. The German may not be as emotionally patriotic as we are. But his emotion lies quite as deep as ours and is always at hand for steady, even use. The German's love of country is a *religion*. He may not show his respect for the Church in the same way that we do. But the country of Luther is the country of an abiding faith both in the Fatherland and in the living God.

Usually a Munich Sunday is officially begun by a chorale played by an orchestra from one of the church towers. Yesterday, however, the Oberbürgermeister directed the band to play from the Rathaus tower such patriotic and religious hymns as these: "Dankgebet," "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," "Die Königshymne," "Nun danket alle Gott," "Grosser Gott, wir loben Dich."

A vast crowd collected before the Rathaus in the Marienplatz. During the singing every man uncovered. After each hymn there were three Hochs. The whole affair typified the simple, lofty spirit, the soul of the nation, uniting Germans in impregnable strength.

Such a nation's leaders may lead nobly or ignobly. The main thing to remember is that the people—the nation—constitutes the ultimate power.

Even though we live far afield, to interpret the soul of such a people to other peoples, especially to the English people, and to interpret other peoples to this people, may be not only our privilege but our duty. For America, England, Germany, standing together, can insure the world's peace.

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Partenkirchen, August 25, 1914.

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HOW AND WHY BELGIUM DREW THE SWORD

BY PAUL HYMANS

MINISTER OF STATE, VICE-PRESIDENT AND PROFESSOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BRUSSELS, MEMBER OF THE SPECIAL MISSION SENT TO THE UNITED STATES BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

A FRIGHTFUL war is desolating Europe and precipitating millions of men into a furious *mêlée*. Why has Belgium—a neutral country which lived in perfect and cordial friendship with its neighbors Germany and France—been drawn into the tempest? By what circumstance has this little country, dedicated to the works of peace, been obliged to oppose the military colossus of Germany?

The treaties of 1831 and 1839, after proclaiming the independence of Belgium, fixed the position of this country in international affairs. Belgium should be neutral in perpetuity, and the five Great Powers of Europe —France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia—guaranteed her neutrality.

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War broke out on our frontier. Nevertheless, Belgium came through this crisis intact. Great Britain at the outbreak of hostilities addressed diplomatic notes to the belligerent Powers, and, under threat of armed intervention in case the neutrality of Belgium was violated by either, obtained from them an explicit confirmation of the Treaty of 1839.

Through more than three-quarters of a century Belgium has lived thus peaceably, protected by solemn treaties and believing herself sheltered from all peril.

But the incidents of the Moroccan crisis excited among us very grave inquietude. Because the political complexion of Europe had changed, we saw that in case of a general conflagration Belgium might find herself exposed to greater dangers than in 1870. In the Franco-Prussian War Great Britain had remained neutral and had covered us with her shield. The situation was different, since, in the new grouping of the Powers, England seemed to have become engaged on the side of *l'entente cordiale*. We feared that perhaps she no longer retained the freedom of action to exercise the rôle of guarantor, as she had done so effectively in 1870.

In the summer of 1912 symptoms decidedly alarming determined the Belgian Government to at once reorganize and reinforce our army.

A law of 1909 had established personal and obligatory military service on the basis of one son from each family. At the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1912–13 the Government proposed to broaden the service. The strength of the standing army was to be doubled, but the full results of this law of 1913 would not be reached until 1917.

When we heard at Brussels of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, we understood at once how grave the situation was. The Government immediately took the precautions which prudence demanded. Tuesday, the 28th of July, officers and soldiers on vacation were recalled. Wednesday, the 29th, the first three classes of the militia were summoned to the colors. And on Thursday, the 30th, the fortress garrisons of Liège and Namur were reinforced.

To be sure, nothing made us think that we would have to suffer the German attack. But in the not improbable case of a new Franco-German war our situation was sure to be perilous. For a long time military writers had said openly that the valley of the Meuse and the route via Luxemburg offered the most favorable road either for French troops to reach the frontiers of the Empire, or for the German army to menace the western borders of France. It was important, therefore, for Belgium to be ready—against the one as much as against the other—to maintain her neutrality and to protect her own territory.

The anxiety of the Government increased when it learned on Friday evening, the 31st of July, that railway communications had been interrupted between Belgium and Germany. It was further increased by the fact that the administration of the Belgian railways had been confidentially warned by the administration of the German railways to hold everything in readiness to pass a special train which was to carry to Paris, over our lines,

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the French Ambassador to Berlin, M. Cambon.

That night the order for general mobilization was issued.

Nevertheless, we persisted in hoping that Belgium would not be interfered with by either Germany or France. Saturday, August 1, the French Minister at Brussels, M. Klobukowski, declared to our Foreign Office that the French Republic would respect the neutrality of Belgium unless it was violated by the adversary. He gave the text of this declaration to the newspapers. We hoped for an analogous promise from the German Minister, Herr von Below. None came.

But certain occurrences of recent years had given us reason to believe that Germany held the most friendly sentiments to us and towards our King. From many incidents we had acquired confidence.

In 1910 the Emperor William, the Empress, and the Princess Victoria Luise had come to Brussels on a visit to our royal family at the time of the Exposition. They received the most cordial welcome. The Emperor showed himself to be deeply touched, and expressed loudly the satisfaction he felt at his welcome. Great fêtes were given in his honor. He was particularly amiable to the noble and courageous Burgomeister of Brussels, M. Max, who extended to him the honors of our marvelous Hôtel de Ville. He exhibited his talents of seductive cordiality to all those who approached him—of whom I was one, as I had been presented to him by King Albert at a fête organized for his welcome.

In 1913 our King and Queen made their first visit to Liège after their coronation, which function, according to our very old custom, we call "the Joyous Entry." The Emperor William sent the General von Emmich to salute our sovereigns on his behalf. General von Emmich, at the banquet given by the city of Liège, was seated beside M. Carton de Wiart, the Minister of Justice, and chief of our present royal mission to the United States, and he expressed to him during the conversation the sympathy of Germany for Belgium and its dynasty. It was the same General von Emmich who one year later commanded the assault on the forts of Liège.

Besides, we knew that the German Crown Prince was a personal friend of King Albert. The Germans living in Belgium were treated with consideration; they held in the commerce of Antwerp and the financial world of Brussels eminent positions, having with us most profitable business relations. We knew also that the Belgian Socialist party was in intimate relation with the Social Democrats of Germany and Austria.

Also the Government was careful to avoid any discourtesy towards Germany. Of course we have always had in Belgium a strong sympathy for France and for French culture. This follows from the common use of the same language in a large part of our country and in our capital, and by the similarity of many of our civil and political institutions. As a result it was possible that on some occasions those of our papers which are printed in French might take a tone which would seem too particularly friendly to the men and affairs of France. The Belgian Government, although with us the press is entirely free, has sought to maintain in the measure of its power a wise equilibrium of opinion between France and Germany. And I recall that I myself, who belong to the Liberal Opposition, was asked a few months ago by the Catholic Party, which was in power, to use my influence with certain newspapers of my opinion to make them understand the necessity of reserve and prudence in the discussion of German affairs. I accepted this mission immediately, as I have always been impressed by the necessity of maintaining the strictly neutral character of our national politics.

And I may cite a more recent fact, and it is characteristic. On the morning of the 2d of August, a few hours before the German ultimatum was received by the Belgian Government, a newspaper of Brussels—"Le Petit Bleu"—published an article with the headline "*Vive la France! A bas la barbarie germanique!*" M. Carton de Wiart, Minister of Justice, immediately ordered the confiscation of the entire issue and instituted criminal proceedings against the paper, so great was the desire of the Government to prevent the nation from taking sides for either one of the belligerents.

At the moment the war broke out we had nothing for which to reproach ourselves. Germany had no grievance against us. How, then, could we expect a sudden attack on her part? Besides, she endeavored until the last moment to insure the confidence of our Government and public opinion.

On the 1st of August the military attaché of the Germany Legation made a visit

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to the Ministry of War and complimented one of the officers of the Minister's staff—Commander Chabeau—on the admirable way in which our mobilization had been performed. He telephoned one of the large newspapers of Brussels in order to make public this flattering appreciation of our small army.

The next day, Sunday, the 2d of August, the German Minister, Herr von Below, was interviewed by the editor of an important paper, "Le Soir," and categorically affirmed the friendly disposition of Germany for Belgium, and terminated by these significant words, which were printed in heavy type in an extra edition which was immediately distributed through the streets: "Perhaps the thatch of your neighbors will burn, but your house will be safe."

This reassuring language made a deep impression. At eight o'clock in the evening the secretary of the King was talking with me and told me that Herr von Below had requested the Minister of Foreign Affairs to receive him at seven o'clock in order that he might present an important communication. Both of us believed that Herr von Below proposed to make to our government a declaration of respect for our neutrality analogous to that which had been made by the French Minister, and we separated with a feeling of optimism.

Two hours afterwards the members of the Cabinet and the Ministers of State were called to the palace of the King to hear the reading of the German ultimatum and to learn that Germany requested a reply within twelve hours.

Every one recalls the brutality and hypocrisy of this ultimatum. Nevertheless, to fix it in the memory one ought to read it again:

Brussels, August 2, 1914.

The German Government has received positive information according to which French forces are preparing to march upon the Meuse by way of Givet and Namur. This information leaves no doubt as to France's intention to attack Germany through Belgian territory. The Imperial German Government cannot help fearing that Belgium, in spite of her willingness to prevent this, may not be in a position to repulse, without assistance, a French move of such proportions.

It is for Germany the imperious duty of self-preservation to forestall this attack of the enemy.

The German Government would greatly regret it if Belgium looks upon it as an act of hostility towards her if the steps taken by Germany's enemies should oblige Germany, on her side, to violate Belgian territory.

In order to prevent any misunderstanding the German Government declares:

First. Germany does not contemplate any hostile act against Belgium. If in the war which is imminent Belgium adopts an attitude of friendly neutrality towards Germany, the German Government pledges itself, when peace is concluded, to protect the Kingdom and all its possessions to the fullest extent.

Second. Germany promises, under the conditions set forth above, to evacuate Belgian territory as soon as peace is concluded.

Third. If Belgium preserves a friendly attitude, Germany declares herself ready, in concurrence with the authorities of the Belgian Government, to pay cash for everything necessary for her troops, and to indemnify Belgium for all damages caused in her territory.

Fourth. If Belgium behaves in a hostile manner towards the German troops, by creating difficulties in the line of their march, or by offering resistance from the forts of the Meuse, or destroying highways, railroads, tunnels, or other engineering works, Germany will be obliged to consider Belgium as an enemy.

In that case, Germany will make no promises to the Kingdom, but will leave to the arbitrament of arms the regulation of the ultimate relations between the two countries. The German Government hopes that this eventuality will not arise, and that the Belgian Government will take appropriate steps to prevent its arising. In that case, the friendly relations of the two states will become deeper and more binding.

What could or should Belgium reply to such insolent pretensions? Germany demanded of us to sell ourselves, and promised us payment. Germany demanded of us to betray our duty to neutrality which was imposed upon us by treaties and to open free passage for German armies to march on France. To accept was dishonor and ruin.

Neutral Belgium had a duty to herself, and also to the other Powers, to defend her neutrality and her territory against all aggressors, either German or French.

As to the pretended excuse of Germany, how is it possible to take that seriously? Germany said that she was certain that France was ready to invade Belgium. The facts reply for us. For nearly three weeks the Belgian troops struggled on Belgian territory alone against the German invasion.

The response of our Government was dictated by honor, by loyalty, and by good sense. The Ministry pronounced unanimously: "We must resist, we must defend ourselves." So during the night the following note was com-

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posed, and was delivered at seven o'clock Monday morning, the 3d of August, to the German Minister:

August 3, 1914.

Under date of August 2, 1914, the German Government has made known that, according to positive information, the French are intending to march upon the Meuse by way of Givet and Namur, and that Belgium, in spite of its willingness to prevent this, would not be in a position to repulse without assistance a forward march of French troops, that the German Government considered itself obliged to forestall this attack and to violate Belgian territory. Under these conditions Germany proposes that the King's Government adopt towards her a friendly attitude, and promises, at the time when peace is concluded, to protect the integrity of the Kingdom and its possessions to their fullest extent. The notification adds that, if Belgium offers difficulties to the advance of German troops, Germany will be obliged to consider Belgium as an enemy and to leave to the decision of arms the regulation of the ultimate relations of the two states.

This notification has profoundly and painfully astonished the King's Government.

The intentions which Germany attributes to France are in contradiction to the formal declarations made to us under date of August 1 in the name of the Republic's Government.

Moreover, if, contrary to our expectation, the country's neutrality should be violated by France, Belgium would fulfill its international duties and her army would oppose a most vigorous resistance to the invader.

The treaties of 1839, confirmed by the treaties of 1870, consecrate Belgium's independence and neutrality under the guarantee of the Powers, and especially under the guarantee of the Government of his Majesty the King of Prussia.

Belgium has always faithfully observed her international obligations; she has fulfilled her duties in a spirit of loyal impartiality; she has neglected no opportunity to maintain her neutrality and make it respected by others.

The attack upon her independence with which Germany is menacing her is a flagrant violation of international law.

No strategic interest can justify the violation of that law.

The Belgian Government, by accepting the propositions mentioned, would sacrifice its national honor and betray at the same time its duties towards Europe.

Conscious of the rôle which Belgium has played for more than eighty years in the civilized world, we refuse to believe that its independence can be preserved only at the price of a violation of its neutrality.

If the Belgian Government is disappointed in its expectations, it is resolved to repulse by every means in its power any attack upon its rights.

The strange and terrifying news spread through the streets with the rapidity of lightning. The public arose as one man. Everybody felt the immensity of the peril. No one hesitated. A clear duty was imposed on all. The Belgians of all parties united as a single body. Instantaneously the political discussion which divided the nation disappeared. There was but one thought—to defend the Fatherland, our homes, our honor, and our liberties.

The 4th of August the Chamber of Deputies was assembled. The King came to the National Palace on horseback in field uniform. All along the route the crowd cheered wildly for him and the princes. In the Parliament Hall a scene of indescribable emotion took place. None of us who lived through that moment and observed the spectacle of enthusiasm will ever forget it. The King, in a calm tone, emphasizing his words with sober and manly gestures, pronounced this discourse:

Gentlemen:

Never since 1830 has a more serious hour sounded for Belgium. The integrity of our territory is menaced.

The strength of our moral position, the sympathy which Belgium, proud of her liberal Constitution and of her conquests of peace, has always enjoyed from other nations, the very necessity of her independence in the equilibrium of Europe, makes us still hope that the events which threaten will not take place.

However, if our expectations are deceived, if we are obliged to resist invasion and to defend our menaced homes, this duty, however cruel, will find us armed—prepared for the greatest sacrifices.

Already the gallant youth of our land, in anticipation of any eventuality, is ready, firmly resolved, with the traditional tenacity and coolness of the Belgians, to defend the endangered country.

In the name of the nation, I salute the army. Fleming and Walloon are as one. Everywhere, in city or village, one sole sentiment unites us—patriotism. One sole idea fills our mind—our independence is threatened. One sole duty is imposed upon our wills—a stubborn resistance!

Under these circumstances two virtues are indispensable: a cool but fervent courage, and an intimate union of all the Belgian people.

Both of these virtues have already been brilliantly demonstrated before the eyes of the enthusiastic nation.

The quick and orderly mobilization of the army, the large number of voluntary enlistments,

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the devotion of the civil population, the self-denial of our families, have shown beyond dispute the reassuring bravery which animates the entire Belgian nation.

The time for action has come.

I have summoned you here, gentlemen, in order that the legislative chambers may unite with the people in the same spirit of sacrifice.

You will therefore at once take the steps demanded by the present circumstances for the conduct of the war as well as for the general welfare.

When I look upon this ardent assembly, a chamber in which there are no factions, only the Party of the Fatherland, where every heart beats in unison, I think of the Congress of 1830, and I ask you, gentlemen, are you absolutely resolved to maintain intact the sacred patrimony of your forefathers?

No one in this country will shirk his duty.

The army, strong and disciplined, is equal to its task. The Government and I have the utmost confidence in its leaders and its soldiers.

Closely allied with the citizens and supported by them, the Government is conscious of its responsibilities, and is prepared to carry them to the very end, in the deliberate conviction that the efforts of each and all, united in a spirit of fervent patriotism, will suffice to safeguard the welfare of the country.

If the foreigner, despising our neutrality, the duties of which we have always scrupulously observed, violates our frontiers, he will find every Belgian rallied about the Sovereign, who will never betray his constitutional oath, and around the Government, which enjoys the supreme confidence of the entire Belgian nation.

I believe in our destiny. A country which defends itself wins the respect of every one. That country cannot perish.

God will be with us in this just cause. Long live Independent Belgium!

After the Speech from the Throne the Parliament showed its patriotic enthusiasm by unanimously voting a series of war measures; and to further mark the unison of all elements of the nation, the Government, during the session, conferred the dignity of Minister of State on M. Vandervelde, the leader of the Belgian Socialist party, calling him in this manner to collaborate in the counsels of the defense.

In the afternoon the Cabinet and Ministers of State met again and decided to make an appeal to England, France, and Russia—the Powers which had guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium—to aid the Belgians in protecting their territory from the armies of one of the Powers which had pledged itself by the Treaty of 1839 to respect it and to assure its integrity.

The same day, in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, admitted that Germany, in trampling under foot the neutrality and independence of Belgium, was violating international law. He pronounced these words, which history will not forget: "Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and are perhaps even now on Belgian soil. This act is contrary to the rights of nations."

This was an audacious proclamation to the civilized world of the barbarian maxim, "Might makes right."

Belgium against Might defends her Right and the Laws of Nations. We are a small people in numbers. But it is permitted for us to say that our heart is large, as is also our love of liberty.

The mission sent by the King of the Belgians to the United States made on the 17th of September a pious pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. We placed a wreath—in the colors of Belgium and the United States—on the tomb of the illustrious patriot, and, visiting afterwards his modest and charming home, we saw fixed on the wall three swords which had belonged to George Washington and which he had bequeathed to his descendants with this message:

> These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defense, or the defense of the country or its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and to prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

The Belgians have followed the counsel of the Father of these United States. They have drawn the sword for the defense of their rights. They will fight to the end.

I will say no more. I do not plead with you. I do not argue. I recount events. I submit the facts to the opinion of this grand and noble country, and I make appeal to the judgment of the human heart—and of history.

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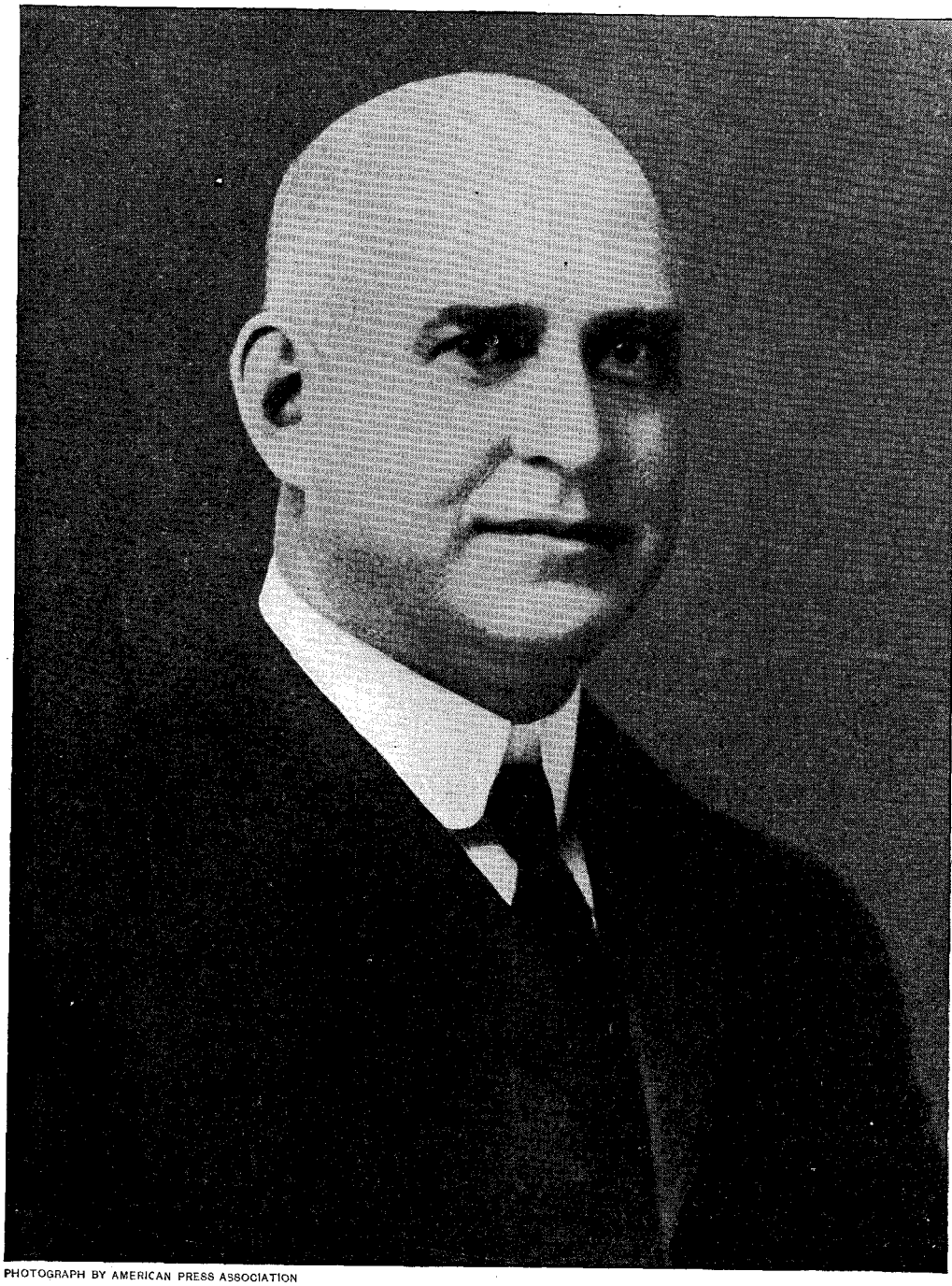
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MAINE

The Hon. Oakley C. Curtis, Democrat, who is at present Mayor of Portland and has just been elected Governor of the State of Maine, succeeds a Fusion Governor, William T. Haines, who two years ago was elected by a combination of Republicans and Progressives. Governor Haines was a candidate for re-election, but, the Progressives holding the balance of power and having a ticket of their own, his Democratic opponent won. Governor elect Curtis's plurality was about 2,500

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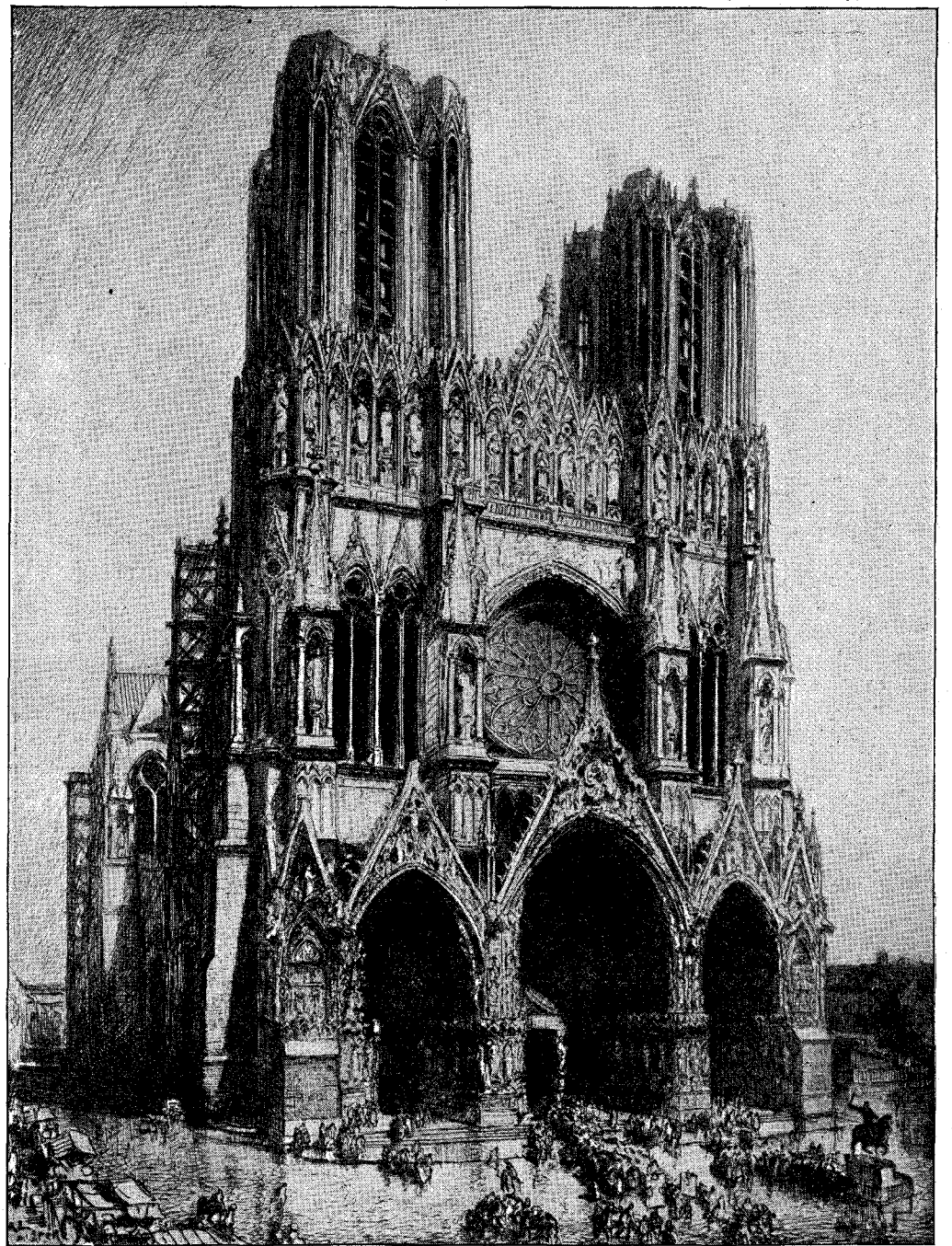

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THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS, IRREPARABLY DAMAGED IN THE WAR

Of this magnificent Cathedral the celebrated architect Viollet-le-Duc said, "If one desires to form an idea of a cathedral conceived by an architect at the finest period of Gothic art, one must go to Rheims." It has suffered severely from German shells. Victor Hugo declared that "human intelligence was epitomized in the great, anonymous masses" of the cathedrals of the Middle Ages; it has remained for reckless ignorance in our time to attack, if not to destroy, one of the finest of these glorious expressions of the human spirit. See comment in the editorial pages of this issue

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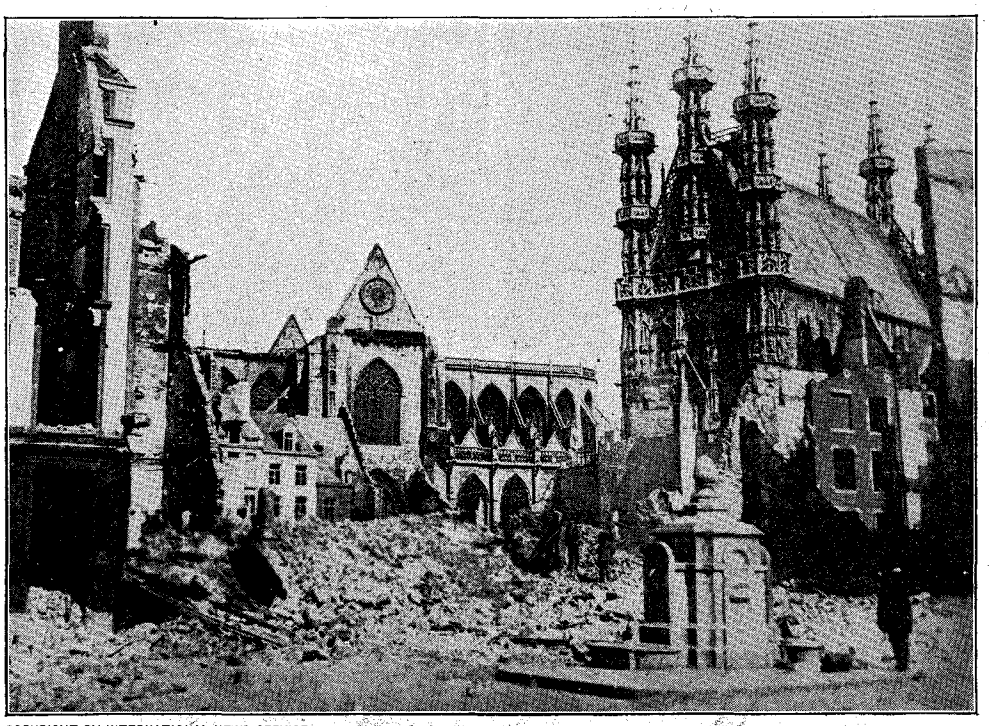

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THE RUINS OF LOUVAIN

While the Cathedral is included in the ruins shown in the picture, the beautiful Gothic Hall at the right is, fortunately, comparatively uninjured. It is to be hoped that the German military authorities who are supposed to have ordered the burning of this charming old town were themselves moved to spare this noble building although they let loose vandalism in destroying the Cathedral and the University

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

EFFECT OF BOMBS DROPPED BY ZEPPELINS ON A PRIVATE HOUSE IN ANTWERP

The saying "This is magnificent, but it is not war" may be paraphrased by saying that the bombardment of private houses is not war and is not magnificent

THE RAVAGES OF WAR

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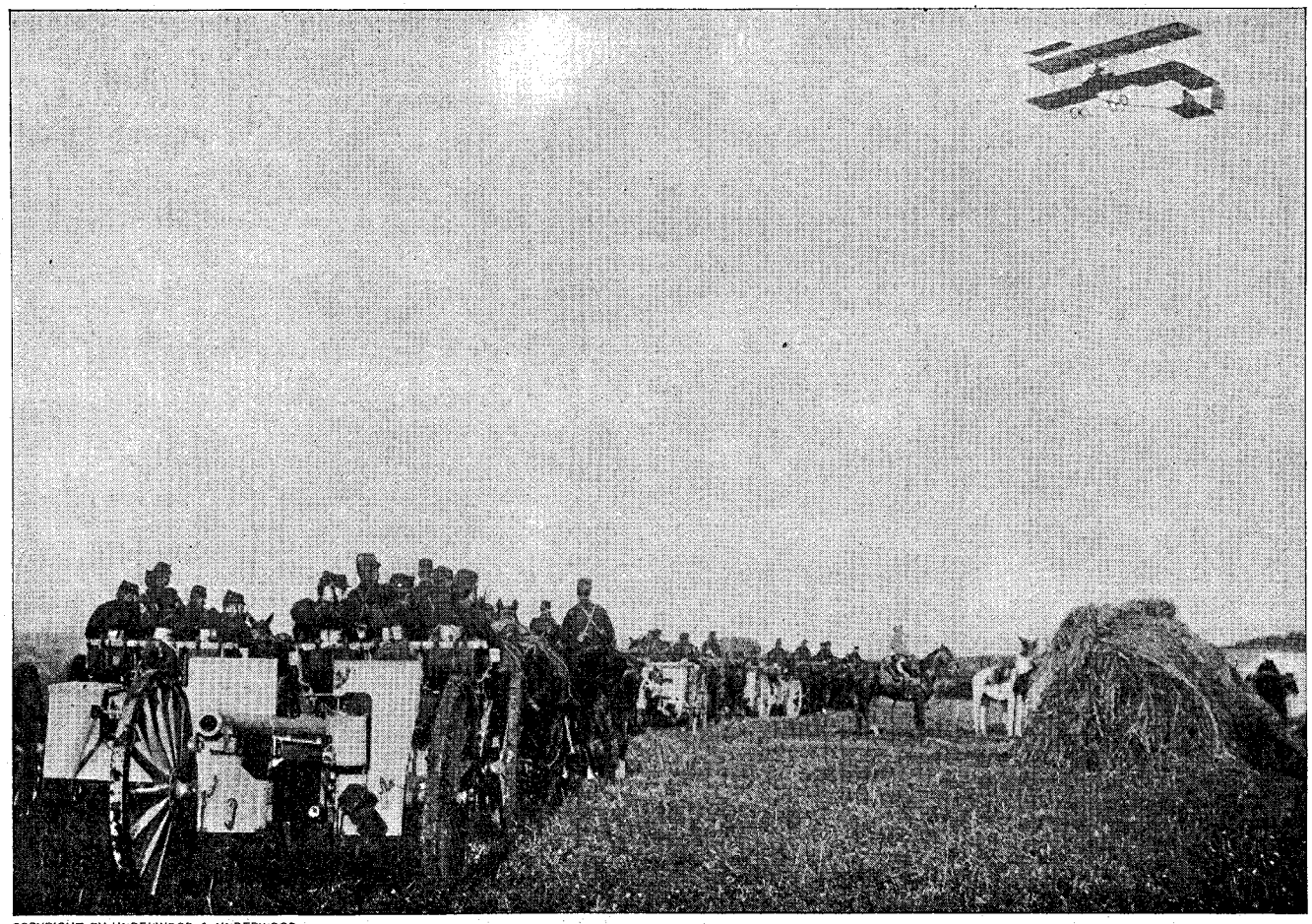

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FRENCH AIR SCOUT DIRECTING MOVEMENT OF HEAVY ARTILLERY

The Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked that "victory belongs to the commander who makes the best guess as to what is happening on the other side of the hill." The aeroplane now enables the general to *know* what is taking place beyond his lines. It may easily turn the fortune of battle with its exact information

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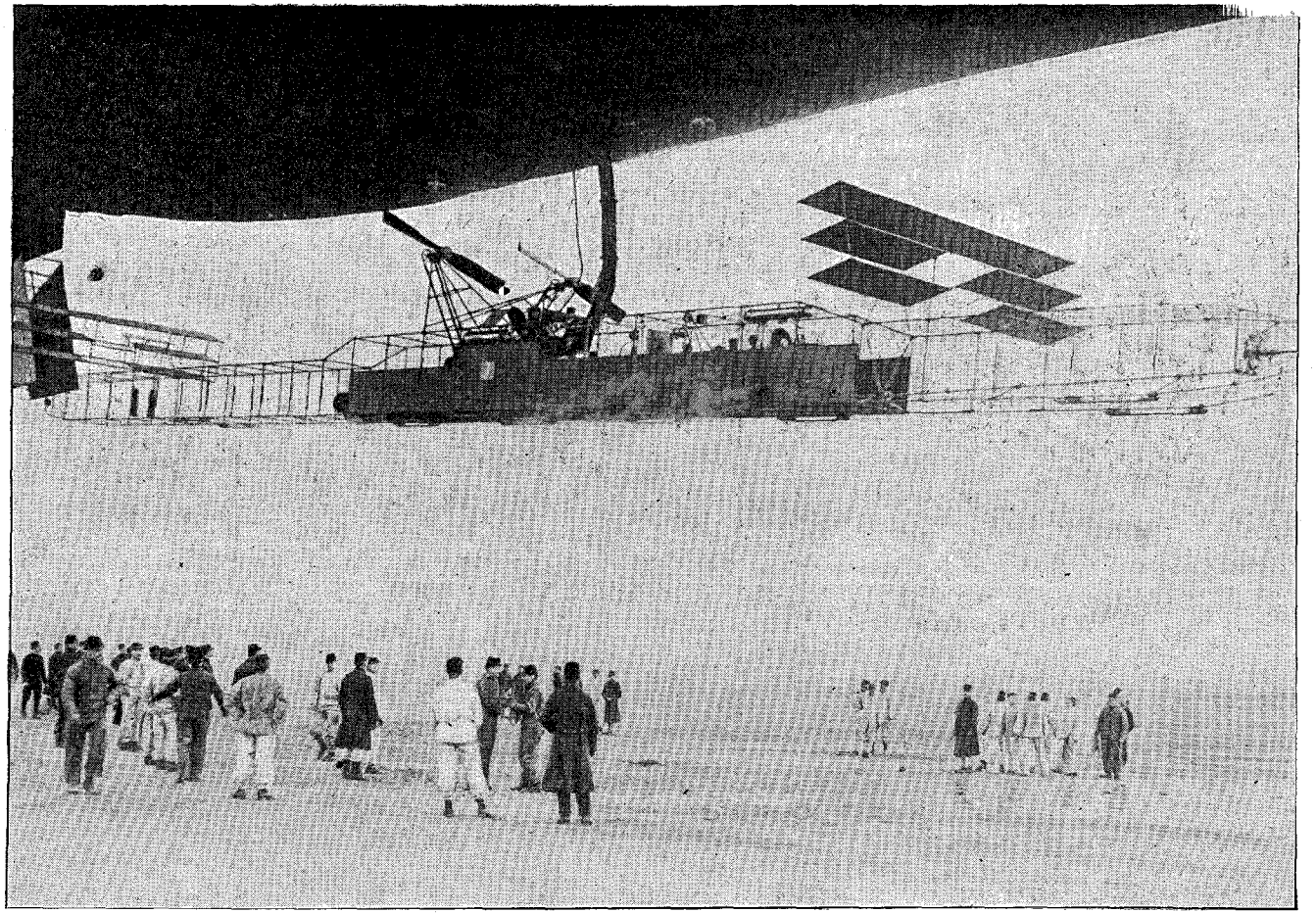

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A GREAT FRENCH DIRIGIBLE

The French dirigibles have apparently not as yet been as active in the war as their German rivals the "Zeppelins," whose fame may perhaps eventually give their name a place in the dictionaries as a common noun like "dreadnought." But the French are said to have a number of these giant fliers, and they may play a significant part in the conflict at any moment. The dirigible shown in the picture is called the "Adjutant Reau"

FLYING MACHINES IN THE WAR

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

SENEGALESE TIRAILLEURS OF THE FRENCH ARMY

The "tirailleur" is a sharpshooter or skirmisher; these natives of French Senegal in Africa are said to be good marksmen and expert trailers, and their skill and prowess were immediately made use of by the French Government in its endeavor to avail itself of every possible means of defense

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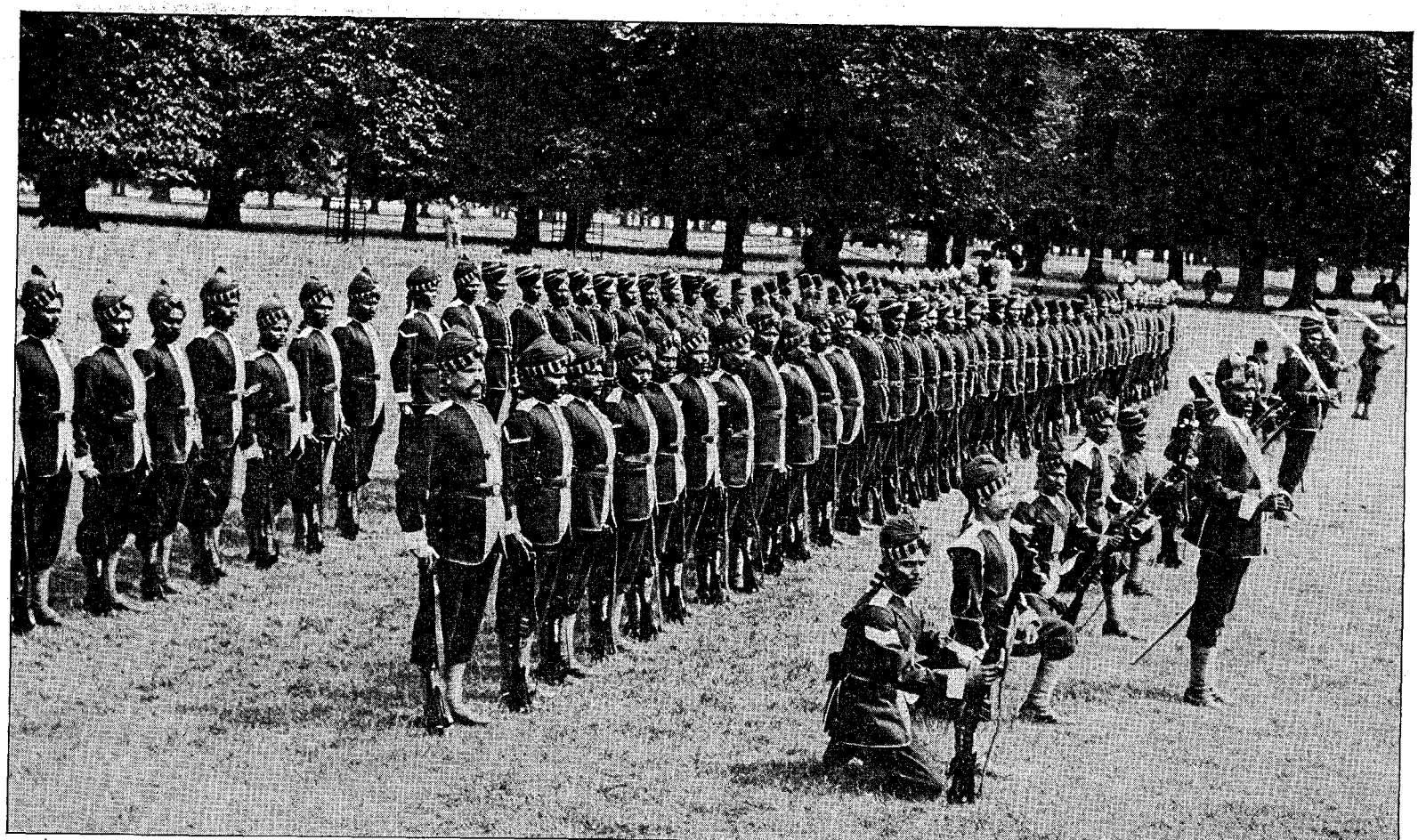

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EAST INDIAN RIFLEMEN WHO ARE TO REINFORCE THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE GREAT WAR

These fine-looking soldiers have been trained in British India for the defense of that country; they are now on their way to help defend the Empire in its great struggle in Europe. The war will find on its various battlefields the troops of many races—Hindus, Japanese, and Negroes, as well as numerous divisions of the Caucasian race

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THE WAR LORDS' OTHER ARMY

Cartoon drawn for The Outlook by W. C. Morris

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FROM LIÈGE TO HOLLAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Williams, who described in The Outlook for September 16 his journey afoot with the German army in their march to Antwerp, here continues his narrative. As the readers of his former narrative remember, Mr. Williams arrived at Liège bringing to the American Consul there the first news he had received in two weeks.—THE EDITORS.

I RESOLVED that, though late in the afternoon, the thing for me to do was to get out of Liège at once, and, if possible, cover the sixteen miles back to the Holland border before darkness set in, because the warning of my friends there had been not to try to cross the line after nightfall. It was four o'clock, and with my blistered feet I knew it was a big task to tackle, but the task of finding lodgings in Liège and the entanglements into which I would fall if I did stay drove me to a prompt decision, and forthwith I made for the bridges.

It was no prophetically happy sight that greeted me at the outset. A Belgian, a mere stripling of twenty, had just been shot, and the soldiers had rolled him on a stretcher and were carrying him off. I asked why he had been shot, and for an answer was pointed to a notice which in four languages announced that any one caught near a telegraph pole or wire in any manner that looked suspicious to the authorities would be summarily dealt with. They were carrying him away, poor lad, and the crowd passed on in heedless fashion, as though they had grown accustomed to death.

When the troops at the front are taking lives by the thousands, those guarding the lines at the rear catch the contagion of killing. Knowing that this was the temper of some of the sentries, I speeded along at a rapid rate, daring to make one cut across a field, and so came to Jupilles without challenge. Stopping to get a drink there, I realized what a protest my feet were making against the strain I was putting them to. Luckily, a peasant's vegetable cart was passing, and, jumping on, I was congratulating myself on the relief. when the cart turned off a few hundred yards up the road, leaving me on the road again with one franc less in my pocket. There were so few soldiers along this stretch that I drove myself along at a furious pace, slowing up only when I sighted a soldier. I was very hot, and felt my face blazing red as the natives gazed after me stalking so fiercely past them. But the great automobiles plunging by flung up such clouds of dust that my face was being continually covered by this gray powder. What I most feared was lest, growing dizzy, I should lose my head and make incoherent answers.

I could see that the Germans were going to make this rich region a great center for their operations and a permanent base of supply. There must have been ten thousand clean-looking cattle on the opposite bank of the river, and they were raising a great noise as the soldiers drove their wagons among them, throwing down the hay and grain. Otherwise, the army had settled down from the hustling activities of the morning, and the guards had been posted for the coming evening. I know now that I was coming on at a good pace because near Wandre I noticed a peasant's wagon ahead, and soon overtook it. It was carrying eight or nine Belgian farm-hands, and the horse was making fair time under constant pressure from the driver. I did not wish to add an extra burden to the overloaded animal, but it was no time for the exercise of sentiment. So I held up a two-franc piece to the driver. He looked at the coin, then he looked at the horse, and then, picking out the meekest and the most inoffensive of his free passengers, he bade him get off and motioned me to take the vacated seat as my right as a first-class paying passenger. Two francs was the fare, and he seemed highly gratified with the sum, little realizing that he could just as well have had two hundred francs for that seat. We stopped once more to hitch on a small wood-cart, and with that bumping behind us we trailed along fearfully slowly. Gladly would I have offered a generous bounty to have him urge his horse along, but I feared to excite suspicion by too lavish an outlay of money. So I sat tight and let my feet dangle off the side, glad of the relief, but feeling them slowly

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swelling beneath me. I was saving my head as well as my feet, for we drove past a number of guards, who surveyed us casually, and, adjudging us all to be local inhabitants, bade us drive on.

To get past so many guards so easily was indeed a great gain. However, the end of such easy passing came at the edge of Charrate, where the driver turned into his yard, and I was dumped down into an encampment full of soldiers. Valor in this case was discretion, and I made my way boldly into the midst of a group of soldiers gathered round a pump and made signs that I desired a drink. At first they did not understand, or, thinking that I was a native Belgian, they were rather taken aback by such impertinence; but one soldier handed me his cup and another pumped it full. I drank it, and, thanking them, started off. This calm assurance gained me passage past the guard, who had stood by watching the procedure. This camp was being well watched.

In the next six hundred yards I was brought to a standstill by a ringing "Halt!" At one of the posts some soldiers were ringed around a priest dressed in a long black gown, and, though he wore a white handkerchief around his arm as a badge of a peaceful attitude, he was held as a spy. He seemed to be glad to welcome the addition of my company into the ranks of the suspects, but he was doomed to disappointment, for I was passed along. The next guard took me to his superior officer directly. But the superior officer was more interested in a little repast that was being made ready for him than in entering into the questions involved in my case, and ordered me to be searched for weapons. None being found, he said, "Let him go." I had journeyed but a few hundred yards farther when a surly fellow sprang out from behind a wagon and in a very arrogant, overbearing manner and with a loud bellowing voice bade me "Stand by." He had an evil look upon his face, and very evidently wished to find trouble. Totally dissatisfied with any answer I could make, he kept roaring louder and louder. There was no doubt that he was venting his spleen upon an unprotected and humble civilian, and that he was thoroughly enjoying seeing me cringe under this bulldozing process. It occurred to me suddenly that he might be a self-appointed guardian of the way. So when he began to wax still more arrogant, I simply said, "Take me to your superior officer." He softened down like a child, and, standing aside, motioned me along.

I was getting along finely now when a voice called out "Halt!" and after a few steps I came to a stop. A large fellow climbed over the hedge, and, coming on the road, fell, or rather stumbled over himself, into the ditch. I was afraid he was drunk, and that this tumble would add vexation to his spirits; but he was only tired and overweighted, carrying a big knapsack and a gun, a number of things girdled around his waist, along with too much avoirdupois. It seems that even in this conquered territory the Germans never relaxed their vigilance. Fully a thousand men stood guarding the pontoon bridge, and this man, who had gone out foraging and was returning with a bottle of milk, carried his full fighting equipment with him, as did the others. I gave him a hand and pulled him to his feet, offering to help carry something, as he was breathing heavily; but he refused any aid. As we walked along together I gave him my last stick of chocolate, and, being assured by my demeanor that I was a friend, he showed a real kindly, fatherly interest in me. I put my question of the morning to him: "Is it dangerous traveling along here so late?" His answer was anything but reassuring. "Yes, it is very dangerous." Then he explained that one of the German soldiers had been shot by a Belgian from the bluffs above that very afternoon, and that the men were all very angry. All the Belgians had taken to cover, for the road was totally cleared of pedestrians from this place on to Mouland. "Well, what am I to do?" I asked. "Go straight ahead. Swerve neither to the right nor left. Be sure you have no weapons, and stop at once when the guard cries 'Halt!' and you will get through all right. But, above all, be sure to stand stock still immediately at the challenge. Above all—that," he insisted. "But did I not stop still when you cried 'Halt!' a minute ago?" I asked. "No," he said; "you took two or three steps before you came to a perfect standstill. See, this is the way to do it." He started off briskly, and then crying, "Halt!" came to a standstill marvelously suddenly for a man of his weight. "Do it that way and cry out, 'Ready, here!' and it will be all right." Thanking him for his good advice, I was off again Far ahead I saw a company of soldiers forming into line. Just as I reached the place they

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came to attention, and at a gesture from the captain I walked like a royal personage down past the whole line, feeling hundreds of eyes critically playing upon me. I suspect that the captain had a sense of humor and was enjoying the discomfiture he knew I must feel.

Estimating my advance by the signboards, where distances were marked in kilometers, it seemed that I was getting on wretchedly slowly, considering the efforts I was making. At this rate, I knew I should never reach the Holland frontier by nightfall, and from the warnings I had received I dreaded to attempt crossing after sundown. Sleeping in the fields when the whole country was infested by soldiers was out of the question, so I turned to the first open house of a peasant and asked them to take me in for the night. They shook their heads emphatically, and gave me to understand it would be all their lives were worth if they did so. So I rallied my energies for one last effort, and plunged wildly ahead.

The breeze was blowing refreshingly up the river, the road was clear, and soon I was rewarded by seeing the smoke still curling up from the ruins of Visé. I looked at my watch, which pointed to the time for sunset, and yet there was the sun curiously enough some distance up from the horizon. The fact of the matter is that I had reset my watch at Liège, and clocks there had all been changed to German time. With a great feeling of relief I discovered that I had a full hour more than I figured on.

I had now ample time to cover the remaining distance, and so I rested a moment before what appeared a deserted house. Slowly the shutters were pushed back and a sweet-faced old lady timorously thrust her head out of an upper window. She evidently had been hiding fearfully away in that house, and there was something pathetic in the half-trusting way she risked her fate even now. In a low voice she put some question in the local *patois* to me. I could not understand what she was asking, but concluded that she was seeking comfort and assurance. So I sought to convey by sundry gesturing and benevolent smiling that all was quiet and safe along the Maas. She may have concluded that I was some harmless, roaming idiot who could not answer a plain question; but it was the best I could do, and I walked on to Visé with the fine feeling of having played the rôle of comforter.

At Visé I was heartened by two dogs who jumped wildly and joyously around me. I gathered courage enough to swerve to the right, and from the window of a still burning roadside café extracted three wine-glasses as souvenirs of the trip.

Presently I was in Mouland, whose few forlorn walls grouped about the village church made a pathetic picture as they glowed luminous in the setting sun. A flock of doves were cooing in the blackened ruins. Now I was on the home-stretch; and, that there might be no mistake with my early morning comrades, I cried out in German, "Here comes a friend!" With broad smiles on their faces, they were waiting there to receive me.

They made a not unpicturesque group gathered around their camp-fire. One was plucking a chicken, another making the straw beds for the night. A third was laboriously at work writing a post-card. I ventured the information that I had made over fifty kilometers that day. They punctured my pride somewhat by stating that that was often the regular stint for German soldiers. But, pointing to their own well-made hobnailed boots, they added, "Never in thin rubber soles like yours." After emptying my pockets of eatables and promising to deliver the post-card, I passed under the great Dutch banner into neutral territory.

My three Holland friends were there with an automobile, and, greeting me with a hearty "*Gute Knabe!*" whisked me off to Maastricht.

I am writing this in bed, nursing temporarily a couple of bandaged feet. Like a friend who made a long voyage in a cattle steamship, "I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars, I wouldn't do it again for ten thousand." ALBERT R. WILLIAMS.

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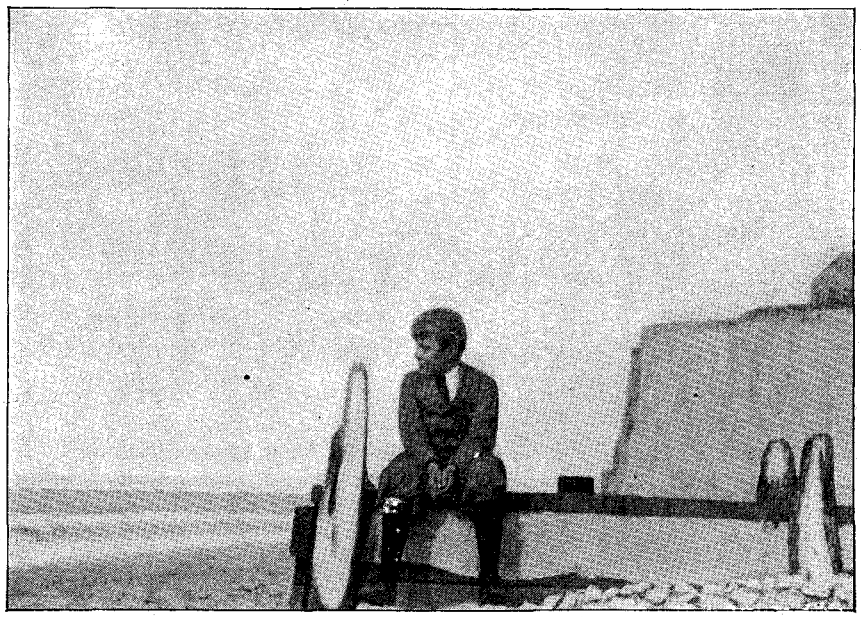

LIKE castles stand the bastioned walls of France,
Dun, gray, and white upon the boundless blue,
With sally-ports where knights have ridden through
In ships to high adventure and romance,
Bearing the compass in the place of lance,
Each setting bravely forth with meager crew
The dragon-guarded distance to subdue,
The crimson Christ-world borders to advance.

Beneath these walls which faced the dread unknown,
Which saw those ships drop down into the sea,
A child from far-discovered coasts looks longingly
Out toward that Western land he calls his own.—
He is the New Republic's Youth to me,
The quest was all worth while for him alone.

JOHN H. FINLEY

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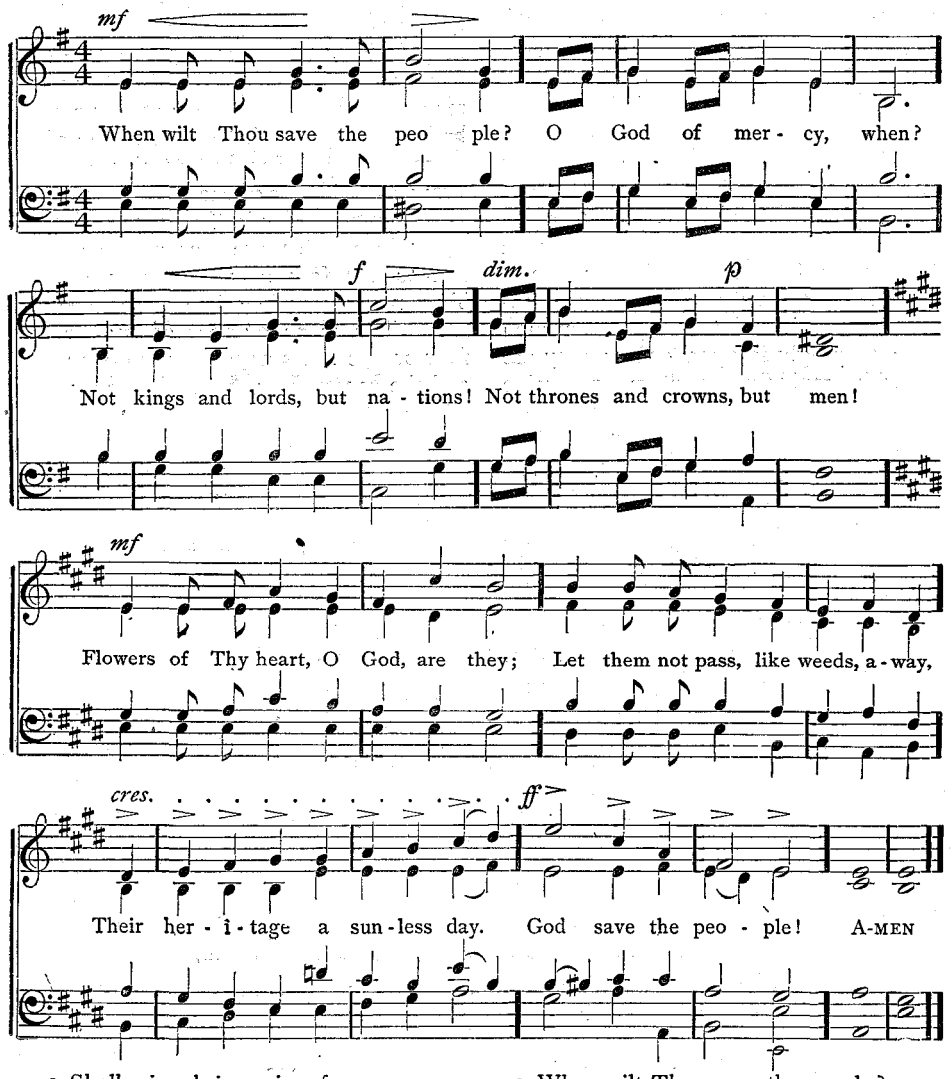
AN INTERNATIONAL HYMN

The hymn given below was written by Ebenezer Elliott, known in literature as the "Corn-Law Rhymer." He was actively interested in the Chartist movement in England in the early part of the nineteenth century, which demanded manhood suffrage, the ballot, annual Parliaments, and the abolition of the property qualifications of the Members of Parliament and the payment to them of a salary. It also demanded at one time the repeal of the Corn Laws. To those laws he and his father attributed the distress of the common people at that period in English history. "When wilt Thou save the People?" which he wrote for that time, seems to us peculiarly appropriate for use in the church services to which the people of the country are called by the President, to be held October 4.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

Words by Ebenezer Elliott — Music by Josiah Booth

mf
When wilt Thou save the peo ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
f
dim.
p
Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
mf
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,
cres.
ff
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple! A-MEN

2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend, instead of sighs.
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair.
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

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MODERN WARFARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA DURING THE SPANISH WAR AND IN JAPAN DURING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

FIRST ARTICLE

MANAGEMENT OF BATTLES—TRANSPORTATION—CARE OF THE WOUNDED

WITHIN the last half-century the art of war has been almost completely revolutionized. Fifty years ago armies of from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand men were regarded as large, and the line of battle was seldom more than ten or twelve miles in length. The troops were armed with muzzle-loading guns, and they fought, shoulder to shoulder, in close formation, for periods of from one to three days. In the twentieth century a first-class power puts into the field a million men or more; they fight in open order; they are armed with rapid-fire artillery, magazine rifles, and machine guns; and their battles, which have a front of from fifty to one hundred miles, often last for periods of from one to two weeks. These great changes are due partly to the growth of warring nations in numerical strength, and partly to the use of improved weapons, notably the magazine rifle and the machine gun.

In the first half of the last century wars were carried on by comparatively small standing armies. Now, as General Kuropatkin remarks in the Introduction to his history of the Russo-Japanese War, the participants in such struggles are "whole armed nations." Fifty years ago the combatants were armed with guns of slow action and comparatively short destructive range. Now they use high-powered magazine rifles and quick-firing field-pieces which kill at distances of from one to three miles.

The employment of improved weapons on a great scale began in 1877–8, when the Turks used an American magazine rifle of high power—the Winchester, I think—against the Russians at Plevna. The rapidity of fire attained by the use of this weapon and the great velocity of the projectile made it particularly deadly to troops massed in close order, because one bullet would frequently pass through and kill or disable two or three men advancing, one behind another, in file. The best troops in the world could not make headway against a driving storm of leaden hail which swept through the air, almost literally, in horizontal sheets. Then came the machine gun, which fired a steady stream of bullets, and made fighting in close order still more suicidal. The final result was the practical abandonment of the mass formation and the substitution for it of a more or less open order, in which there was a space of from five to ten feet between every two men. This necessarily lengthened out the battle line. The same number of men occupied four or five times as much ground as before, and the contest was spread out over twenty, fifty, and sometimes one hundred miles. This change, in turn, brought up a large number of new problems, involving tactics, control, grand strategy, transportation, and the rapid transmission of orders and news to and from the different parts of the enormously extended battle line.

As many of these problems are the same with which the contending forces are now dealing in Germany, Austria, and France, it may perhaps be interesting to know how they were solved by the Japanese when, ten years ago, most of them came up for the first time in Manchuria. I happened to be a participant, or rather an observer, in the Russo-Japanese War, as well as in the Spanish-American War, which preceded it, and, although I was not qualified by previous training to form a trustworthy judgment with regard to strategy or tactics, I did know something about transportation, sanitation, the care of the wounded, and the rapid transmission of intelligence; and I had, moreover, exceptionally good opportunities to see and understand. I may be able, therefore, to furnish a little information which will help the average reader to follow intelligently the campaigns now in progress in Europe.

MANAGEMENT OF BATTLES

The great extension of the battle line in modern warfare has necessitated radical

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changes in methods of intercommunication. The commanding officer who directs the movements of the troops cannot see his whole army, or even a tenth part of it. Neither can he make effective use of signal flags or messengers—the distances are too great. The battle line at Mukden was more than a hundred miles in length. A flag could not have been seen at a tenth of that distance, and it would have taken a courier the greater part of a day to ride to the staff headquarters from either wing. The Japanese had apparently foreseen such a situation as this, and had organized a very perfect system of field communication by telegraph and telephone. They had thousands of light poles and hundreds of miles of insulated wire in readiness, and a corps of line-builders had been trained to put them up with almost incredible rapidity back of the firing line, so as to give the commanding officer instant communication with every division, if not every regimental unit, of his entire force. In some of the battles in Manchuria General Kodama, who was the Japanese strategist, was so far away from his army that he could see absolutely nothing of the fighting, and could hardly hear even the artillery firing on the extreme wings. But telegraph sounders and telephone receivers were his eyes and ears, and as the news came back from the firing line small colored flags on pins were moved back and forth on a huge topographical map so as to show the changing positions of the various brigades and divisions as the great tide of combat surged to and fro. The battle was fought exactly as a game of chess would be, except that on the great chessboard of war the knights were squadrons of cavalry, the castles batteries of artillery, and the pawns innumerable regiments of infantry.

At Port Arthur, where I had exceptional opportunities to see, the system of intercommunication was the same, except that the telephone was everywhere used in place of the Morse relay and sounder. Twenty miles of trenches and parallels and seventy or eighty batteries of artillery were connected by telephone, not only with General Nogi's headquarters, but with the great observing station on Takushan Hill, where officers with powerful glasses watched every movement of the enemy, and not only directed the fire of the Japanese guns, but actually aimed the siege mortars along the whole ten-mile semicircle of the investment. All of General Nogi's heavy batteries were placed in valleys behind protecting hills, so that the gunners could not see the forts at which they were firing. The big mortars, however, were mounted on steel turn-tables, set in eight feet of solid concrete, and every gun had a graduated scale for azimuth and elevation which enabled the gunners to set it at any horizontal or vertical angle. All that the observing officers on Takushan had to do, therefore, was to watch the fall of a projectile, and then telephone the gunners to change the position of the mortar by half a degree or more in azimuth or elevation, so as to throw the shell exactly where it was needed. Before the end of a week after the emplacement of the heavy siege guns, every battery on the line of investment had ascertained in this way, by telephone, the exact range in degrees and minutes of every Russian position within the zone of its fire, and could drop shells into it with unfailing accuracy. If the enemy attempted to make a sortie, even in the blackness of night, the movement was instantly reported by telephone, and the observing officers on Takushan directed the gunners of the most advantageously placed batteries to open fire at a certain specified range, expressed in degrees on the horizontal and vertical scales. Before the Russians, therefore, had advanced two hundred yards shells were exploding in their ranks and shrapnel cases bursting over their heads.

But the use of the telephone was not confined to aiming guns and transmitting orders. Requisitions for ammunition and supplies were made by it; consultations between commanders were held through it; and news of interest to the troops could be communicated telephonically in a few minutes to sixty thousand men. It was almost constantly in use, and in my first visits to the advanced trenches I was surprised every day by the familiar tinkle of its call bell. Once, indeed, only three hundred yards from the great Russian fort of Sungshushan, I heard suddenly, at my very elbow, the ringing of the number three—my own home call in Nova Scotia. It came from a niche in the side wall which I had not even noticed, and it was so unexpected that it startled me as if it had been a shell-burst.

The destruction of the Russian fleet in the harbor of Port Arthur was brought about by the high-angle fire of the Japanese siege batteries, directed by telephone from the summit of Two-Hundred-and-Three-Meter

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Hill. Without such aid it could hardly have been accomplished before the arrival of the Russian fleet under Admiral Rozhdestvenski. To the telephone also was due in large measure the liberation of General Nogi's army in time to participate in the decisive Battle of Mukden, so that to Dr. Bell's invention and the skillful prearranged use of it by the Japanese are largely attributable both the fall of Port Arthur and the final defeat of General Kuropatkin.

Transatlantic reports thus far received furnish little information with regard to means of intercommunication between the component parts of the enormously extended battle lines in Austria and France; but it is safe to assume that the Japanese methods have been more or less generally adopted, because neither wireless nor aeroplanes can fully take the place of the telephone. To Japan belongs the credit of foreseeing in time the use that might be made of the last-named instrument in the vast operations of modern warfare.

TRANSPORTATION

The ever-increasing size of modern armies and the gradual extension of the battle line have made the problem of transportation more vital and important than ever before. Soldiers must eat, and they must have ammunition; and the bringing forward and distribution of supplies to an army of a million men stretched out on line more than a hundred miles in length is a task that demands not only organizing and executive ability of the highest order, but a well-considered plan and thoroughly adequate methods. Such an army as that with which Germany has invaded France—approximately one million men—requires for every fighting day something like seven thousand tons of supplies. The rapid fire made possible by the use of the magazine rifle tempts the soldier, in the fierce excitement of battle, to use his ammunition not only lavishly but recklessly, and the expenditure of one hundred and fifty rounds a day per man makes necessary, for an army like that of Germany, the daily transportation and distribution of ten million pounds of rifle ammunition alone. Add to this two million pounds of food, heavy ammunition for two thousand or more rapid-fire field guns, and forage for tens of thousands of horses, and you get a total which might well discourage the ablest and most resourceful transport officer. But even this is not all. In such fighting as that which is now taking place in France each army must carry back, by rail or by road, a daily average of from five to ten thousand wounded, and, in order to maintain its strength, must bring forward an equal number of fresh men to replace them. Its transportation methods, therefore, must be adequate to handle every fighting day ten to twenty thousand men and six or seven thousand tons of ammunition and food. In France the transportation problem of the combatants is made a little easier by motor vehicles and good roads; but at the time of the Russo-Japanese War motor trucks had not been perfected, the Manchurian roads were far from good, and the Japanese had to carry across the sea and up to the front, not only supplies for an army which at one time numbered 700,000 men, but also scores of locomotives, hundreds of freight cars, and materials for the reconstruction of two hundred miles of railway. The Russians, as they retreated northward, destroyed most of their rolling stock, and the Japanese in following them up had to change the gauge of the Chinese Eastern Railway from wide to narrow, and then bring over from their own roads locomotives and cars enough to equip the two hundred miles of track from Dalny to Mukden.

The characteristic features of the Japanese transportation system were the use of light two-wheeled, one-horse carts of iron, and the making up of all supplies in small and easily handled packages. The cart was little more than an iron skeleton which two men could pick up and carry, and the load put on it was divided into packages that seldom weighed more than fifty to seventy-five pounds. Chinese and Manchurian coolies were available in unlimited numbers as handlers and teamsters, and the food supplies and ammunition, put up in small and light bags or boxes, could be loaded and unloaded with the greatest rapidity and ease. If a cart got into trouble on a bad piece of road, coolies or soldiers took the bags or boxes on their shoulders, carried them as far as might be necessary, and then reloaded them on the extricated cart with hardly a moment's delay. In this way the great multitude of carts moved northward in unbroken and never-checked lines, regardless of weather and almost regardless of roads, carrying in small packages thousands of tons of supplies.

When Admiral Rozhdestvenski's fleet started northward from Cochin China, the

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Japanese had to take into serious consideration the possibility that they might lose command of the sea; and in order that their armies on the Asiatic mainland, in the event of such a catastrophe, should not be left wholly without rice and cartridges, they hurried supplies into Manchuria in quantities that were simply astounding. When I passed through Dalny on my way back from Port Arthur, the town was almost literally buried under mountains of ammunition and food. Not only were the spacious Russian warehouses full, but in all the squares, parks, and open spaces bags and boxes were piled up in huge pyramids which were at least fifty or sixty feet on a side and sixty or seventy feet high. I was too ill to walk through the town and count them, but I estimated the number of such mat-covered pyramids at fifteen to twenty. I had never, even on the great Nizhni Novgorod Fair Ground, seen such quantities of goods massed in a single place; and when a Japanese officer told me that a much greater quantity had gone to the front, and that their armies could fight for at least three months without drawing another pound of ammunition or food from Japan, I did not dare to be skeptical. It seemed quite possible.

In addition to the light iron carts drawn by a single horse and loaded with small packages, the Japanese, for short-distance transportation away from railways, used portable tramways and small cars that could be pushed by hand. They brought over from Japan scores of miles of ready-made narrow-gauge tramway, in twelve-foot lengths or sections. These sections were made by bolting a couple of light rails to four or five broad but very thin iron ties or sleepers. They could be put together by means of an interlocking device at the ends, and were light enough to be handled easily by two men. They were laid on the surface of the ground, with no ballasting and with very little digging or grading, and in most parts of Manchuria, during the dry season, such tramways could be laid down at a speed of from half a mile to a mile an hour. When they were no longer needed in one place, they could be just as rapidly taken up and relaid in another. As the loads carried by the small cars severally were light, they could be pushed by a couple of men even up grades that were fairly steep, and could be hauled by a horse or a gang of men over almost any kind of surface. Nearly all the batteries and camps on the semicircle of investment at Port Arthur were connected by such tramways, and over them were transported or hauled, in the course of the siege, thousands of tons of ammunition and food. I saw them in use also in various places up the western coast of Korea.

The characteristic features of the American transportation system in the Cuban campaign were comparatively large packages loaded on a heavy army wagon and drawn by a team of from two to six horses or mules. The corresponding features of the Japanese system in the Manchurian campaign were small, light packages loaded on a light skeleton cart of iron drawn by a single horse. There can be no question, I think, as to the superiority of the latter method. The small packages could be easily and rapidly handled, and could be transported with facility on railway cars, carts, portable trams, pack-saddles, or the shoulders of men. At different times, and in various parts of their field of operations, the Japanese employed all of these methods, together or by turns, according to circumstances; but they relied chiefly upon the light, one-horse baby-cart. In the Santiago campaign General Shafter, with the American system, was unable to keep adequately supplied an army of only sixteen thousand men, at a distance of only twelve miles from its base.[1]

In Manchuria, the Japanese, with their system, supplied an army of half a million men, two hundred miles from its base, and at distances sometimes of twenty-five to fifty miles from the railway. I do not know how the Germans are supplying their immense army in France, but the Russians in Austria and eastern Prussia are probably using, away from railways, the small one-horse *telega*, which, although heavier than the Japanese cart, is like it in principle.

Taking all things into consideration, the Japanese methods of transporting and distributing supplies in Manchuria were probably the best that the world had seen up to that time, and it is doubtful whether they have been greatly improved since, except by

[1] It is only fair to say that the breakdown of the American system at Santiago was due quite as much to incompetent management as to inherent defects. The supply of horses and mules was insufficient, and one hundred army wagons or more on the transport Cherokee were never even landed, because General Shafter had apparently expected to find New York piers and hoisting machinery at Daiquiri and Siboney, and had neglected to provide himself with surf boats or lighters. He towed three or four scows from Tampa, but they were all swamped in the surf at an early stage in the proceedings, and most of our stuff was landed, when the water was smooth enough, either in ship's boats or in the lighters of the Daiquiri Iron Company.

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the substitution of motor trucks for horse-drawn carts on the good European roads.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

One of the most serious problems in modern warfare is that presented by the care of the wounded. In a battle which lasts a week or more, and in which perhaps half a million men are engaged, the number of soldiers who are disabled by bullet or shell-burst number tens of thousands. Every consideration of humanity and patriotism demands that they be picked up at the earliest possible moment, transported to a place of safety, and given surgical aid; but the difficulties in the way are very great, and in most cases the sufferers lie on the field for hours without relief. Here, again, the carefully thought out methods of the Japanese impressed me as superior to any of which I had knowledge. Every Japanese soldier carries, as part of his equipment, a first-aid package containing aseptic compresses of gauze, a sterilized safety-pin, and a triangular bandage wrapped up in paraffined paper and inclosed in a tightly sewn cotton-cloth covering. He had been carefully instructed in the use of this package, and in thousands of cases men were able to give first-aid treatment to themselves. At the bandaging stations back of the firing line the medical officers often found that no change was needed in the dressing of a wound which had been applied by the soldier himself or one of his comrades.

Then, in every company, there were four specially trained soldiers whose duty it was to look after the wounded; every battalion had eight stretcher-bearers, with a pack-horse load of litters, surgical instruments, and medical supplies; every regiment was accompanied by six surgeons with fifteen attendants; and attached to every division there was a sanitary corps composed of nine surgeons, sixty nurses, and two hundred stretcher-bearers. So far as I know, no organization as complete and efficient as this had ever before taken the field. Certainly we had nothing like it in Cuba.[1]

I have not space for anything like a full description of Japanese methods in this field of military work; but I must say a few words at least about the transportation of the wounded from the field to the first-aid stations, and from the latter to the field hospitals. In Cuba we relied upon four-wheeled ambulances, but they did not seem to me in any way satisfactory. When half a dozen or more wounded men were picked up in the jungle for transportation to our single field hospital, they suffered unnecessarily from the inevitable jolting of a heavy vehicle over a bad road. Most of the brooks in the vicinity of Santiago were unbridged, and ran through channels that were far below the road level. The descent to them was often steep, and when an ambulance pitched suddenly down into one, all the wounded—men with lacerated bodies and shattered bones—slid down into a great heap of agony at the front end. Then, when the mules rushed at the ascent on the other side, the front end of the vehicle was suddenly tilted upward, and all the men were precipitated into a struggling heap at the back end. This struck me as a barbarous way of carrying men who were desperately hurt, and whose powers of endurance had been broken by long hours of suffering on the battlefield. Whether the Japanese had any such ambulances or not I do not certainly know. I never came across one. I saw thousands of wounded men brought back from the front at Port Arthur, but every one, without exception, was carried carefully by two bearers in a stretcher. It made no difference whether the distance was short or long—it was often many miles—no wounded man was ever put into a wheeled vehicle of any kind.

It may be thought that the fighting efficiency of our army in Cuba would have been lessened by the detachment of hundreds, or even scores, of combatants to act as stretcher-bearers; but I am of the contrary opinion. The army might have been weakened numerically, but it would have been strengthened morally, because every soldier in it would have fought with more courage and confidence if he had known that in case of disablement he could count on speedy relief and the best possible treatment. Besides that, there were hundreds of Cuban refugees in and about Siboney and Daiquiri who would have been glad to carry stretchers to earn their daily bread, and who were perfectly capable of doing it. The trouble was that we had practically no stretchers. I saw a few in the field and one or two at the field hospital, but no more anywhere or at any time. In the armies now contending in Europe the wounded are picked up and carried to the collecting or first-aid stations in stretchers,

[1] Readers who wish to compare our arrangements for the care of the wounded in Cuba with those of the Japanese in Manchuria will find abundant information in my "Campaigning in Cuba" and in Dr. Louis L. Seaman's admirable book, "The Real Triumph of Japan."

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but are generally transported from there in wheeled vehicles. The roads, however, in western Europe are infinitely superior to those in Cuba, and much smoother than most country roads in the United States.

The distinctive characteristics of Japanese methods in the care of the wounded were foresight and efficiency. Every possible contingency had been anticipated, and all the prearrangements worked smoothly. On my way to Port Arthur I was held up four or five days at Dalny; and as my previous connection with the Red Cross and my experience in Cuba had given me a keen interest in methods of caring for the wounded, I used to go to the railway station about noon every day to see the arrival of what might be called the hospital train from the armies of Field Marshal Oyama. It consisted of flat cars and common freight cars, and brought, on an average, from five hundred to eight hundred wounded men. There was always a large corps of Red Cross and army surgeons at the station, as well as an ample force of stretcher-bearers; and hot food, in the shape of broth, rice, etc., had been prepared in huge caldrons for the number of men expected. As soon as the train stopped, the stretcher-bearers began bringing out all of the wounded who were unable to walk. Every man had ready in his hand what the British call a "specification tally," which contained a description of his wound and a record of the treatment given it since his reception in the field hospital at the front. The surgeons glanced at the tallies, asked a few questions, and decided instantly what should be done. Some of the men had their wounds redressed on the spot; some were sent to the hospitals in Dalny for immediate operations or emergency treatment; while some were regarded as strong enough to go directly to a hospital steamer then ready to sail for Japan. After examination, all were fed and furnished, if necessary, with pipes and tobacco or materials for cigarettes. There was no uncertainty, no haste, no confusion, no excitement; and yet in from thirty to forty minutes after the arrival of the train five hundred to eight hundred wounded men had been examined, treated, fed, and sent away in stretchers to their respective destinations. It was as impressive an exhibition of skill, thoughtfulness, and systematic efficiency as I had ever seen.

*This will be followed by a second article from Mr. Kennan on Sanitation, Projectiles, Naval Warfare, and Siege Operations.—*THE EDITORS.

THE HISTORICAL ROOTS OF THE WAR

II—THE HOHENZOLLERNS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ORIGIN of the Hohenzollern family. The German Emperor has recently said in public that ever since the times of the Great Elector and the Great King God had been with the Prussians. Even those who think the hand of the Almighty broader than the rise and greatness of any one nation must pay tribute to the astonishing quality of the Hohenzollern family from its first appearance in southern Germany to its present proud place as the unquestioned head of the most powerful military nation in history. It has been a well-known, tough, bold, vigorous, and usually enlightened family for more than six centuries. The Hohenzollerns lived in Suabia, not far from the Swiss border, in a castle parts of which have come down to our time, till Frederick of that line became Burggraf—as we might call it, "borough count"—of the rich city of Nuremberg; and his abode is still the citadel of that famous city.

Then, in 1411, another Frederick, still Burggraf of Nuremberg, was lucky enough to lend money and do other service to the Emperor Sigismund, who made him Elector of Brandenburg; thus he became one of the seven great princes who had the sole right to choose the Emperor. Gradually the Hohenzollerns gathered up small adjacent territories, and in 1618 obtained Prussia, which was an outpost of the Germans on the Slav frontier. Brandenburg, Prussia, and

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the Electors were Protestants, and one of the weak princes in the line, George William, was caught between the upper and the nether millstones of Gustavus Adolphus with his Swedes and Tilly with his Austrians. He braced himself to stand by the Protestants; but Brandenburg suffered, like most of Germany, from a war in which there were no non-combatants.

The peasants were swept up by the armies, robbed, tortured; whole stretches of country were wasted by fire and sword. In 1618 in all the states of Germany together there were 30,000,000 people. It was probably the richest, most cultured, and most prosperous country on earth. The merchant fleets of the Hansa all but controlled the trade of the Baltic and were the most successful commercial organization in Europe. Germany abounded in cities, castles, monasteries, schools, libraries, and works of art. In 1648 only 12,000,000 Germans were left alive, and rich cities, such as Magdeburg, had been almost swept off the face of the earth. It was two hundred years before the effect of this civil war passed away and the population of Germany again rose to 30,000,000. In that interval other great nations had spread over the face of the earth in search of trade and colonies, and Germany, when at last recognized as a world power, was too late for the division.

The Prussian Sovereigns. The royal house of Hohenzollern:

Frederick William, Great Elector, 1640–1688.
Frederick III, Elector, after 1701 Frederick I of Prussia, 1688–1713 (son).
Frederick William I, 1713–1740 (son).
Frederick II, 1740–1786 (son).
Frederick William II, 1786–1797 (nephew).
Frederick William III, 1797–1840 (son).
Frederick William IV, 1840–1861 (son).
William I, 1861–1888 (brother).
Frederick III, 1888 (son).
William II, 1888–date (son).

The Great Elector and the Kingdom of Prussia. Out of its poverty and distress Brandenburg was led by the first modern Hohenzollern, Frederick William, known commonly as the "Great Elector." Born at the beginning of the war, educated in Holland, only twenty years old when he came to the throne (for the Elector was in fact a sovereign), Frederick set himself with family energy to make a nation out of his few million people. He had to fight right and left with Swedes on the north and Poles on the east; enlarged his territory; paid his troops (which was thought remarkable in those days); dug a canal from the Oder River to his capital at Berlin; built a library; was an alchemist; and crowned his services by the first great Hohenzollern victory at Fehrbellin. He had a low opinion of neutrality, saying, "I have already found out what it means to be neutral. Every neutral is always ill-treated. I have sworn so long as I live not to be neutral, and could not burden my conscience by standing neutral." His enemies were no other than Louis XIV, King of France, and Charles X of Sweden. In 1675 at Fehrbellin the Swedes were defeated. Four years later the French King took away the resulting conquests, and the Elector solemnly said, "May some avenger arise out of our bones!"

The avenger came, though he came late. In 1700 Frederick, then Elector, secured from the Hapsburg Emperor consent to assume the title of king—almost the first time in the history of the Empire that any but the Emperor assumed such a dignity within Germany. He was not, however, King of Brandenburg, but of Prussia, a duchy belonging to the Crown, situated on the border of Slav countries, inhabited by people not German in origin, and technically outside the boundaries of the Holy Roman Empire. It took a long stretch of the imagination to think of the King of Prussia as a future rival to the Emperor of Austria for the leadership of Germany. The new kingdom was made up of half a dozen different provinces, hardly accustomed to look upon themselves as one people. It was the task of the Hohenzollerns to build up and preserve the feeling of Prussian unity.

"This assumption of royalty," says Bryce, "was the work of a prince who contributed nothing else to the greatness of his house." His son, Frederick William I, has gone down into history as a sort of human Bostock, whose ferocious pets were not lions but giant grenadiers. In his own mind he was a German Louis XIV, who, as absolute sovereign and master, used his power for the benefit of his people, particularly by providing a standing army which would give them weight in the troubled period of the eighteenth century.

Frederick the Great. To him succeeded the only monarch of that period to whom mankind has given the title of the Great. Frederick II was the greatest drill-master, tactician, strategist, and diplomat in Europe. He found an army ready to his hand, and

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candidly admitted that he made his first war on Austria in order to try the strength of his troops. Yet, like his ancestor the Great Elector, he looked upon himself as not only the head of the Hohenzollerns, but the chief Prussian, the father of his people. They responded ungrudgingly with the sacrifice of their thalers and their sons.

He had a strong feeling of his significance in the world, but he was a Man. Under him the state university system of Prussia began to train not only philologists but philosophers, scientific men, and jurists. He was one of the first sovereigns in Europe to recognize the tactical value of an intelligent population. As a military man he strengthened that iron discipline which has always been characteristic of the Prussian army, and taught the world what could be done by rapidity and boldness of movement.

The Napoleonic Period. Frederick the Great died in 1786, and Frederick William II became King, perhaps to prove that Hohenzollerns could be weak and self-indulgent. "William the Fat," the people called him, and his inability to handle the situation compelled him to share his responsibilities with ministers who, though neither royal nor military, formed policies and put them through by royal decree, and, if necessary, by military power. He left a kingdom doubtfully enlarged by Prussia's share of the division of Poland, and even then including only 9,000,000 inhabitants—about the population of the present Belgium.

To him succeeded his son, Frederick William III, whose unhappy lot cast him across the path of the great Napoleon. Prussia still seemed a solid rock of defense, with the best army in Europe, till in 1806 on the field of Jena a greater military genius than Frederick the Great not only beat the Prussian army, but broke up its tradition of victory. The King, with his beautiful Queen, Louisa, still beloved by all who reverence sweet and stately womanhood, was for eight years almost crushed under the weight of his country's misfortunes. He was deprived of the Polish provinces and of much territory besides; his capital was taken by Napoleon; the horses from the triumphal arch of the Brandenburger Gate were removed to Paris.

The one great German statesman in that period was the almost obscure Prime Minister, Freiherr von und zum Stein, who swept away the remnants of the Middle Ages by destroying judicial torture and serfdom, and built up a rational system of taxation and government. When Napoleon came back, a hunted fugitive, from Russia, in 1812, other Germans, especially General York, showed themselves more Prussian than their King, and forced him into what seemed the desperate venture of fighting the great Conqueror to the death. At the beginning of that tremendous War of Liberation, in 1813, when the people of Prussia rose like one man and some districts put ten per cent of their population into the army, there were joyful hopes that the sacrifices by the people would prove their ability to share in their own government; and they felt that they were fighting for "a new Germany."

The Dark Ages for Prussia. In the Congress of Vienna, when the "Usurper" was out of the way, the Hohenzollerns had little influence and the kingdom was reorganized with only part of its former Polish province and with new and disconnected areas on the Rhine. For many years Prussia was forced back almost to the conditions during the reign of the Great Elector. A fearful exhaustion settled down upon the country. From the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, where Blücher battled manfully on the same side as Wellington, till the Danish War of 1864 no Prussian army moved outside the boundaries of that Kingdom. Again, as after the Thirty Years' War, the country lay still and allowed the reservoirs to fill up. Politically, the rest of Germany and even Prussia followed the leadership of Austria in German and external affairs. Even in 1848, when the Diet at Frankfort offered to the King of Prussia, then Frederick William IV, the crown of the German Empire, the Hohenzollerns declined it; and in the so-called surrender of Olmütz formally agreed not to oppose the Austrian supremacy.

The Prussian Constitution. The unification of Germany has already been treated in this series of articles. In the revolution of 1848 in Berlin, when the reigning King lost his courage, it was his brother William who at last received command of the troops and restored order in the city. Two years later Frederick William IV granted to his people a Constitution, the thing for which there had been sighs ever since a supposed promise by Frederick William II in 1813. The Hohenzollerns throughout their career had been accustomed to "estates;" *i. e.*, bodies of men for the most part acting by virtue of

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hereditary titles to nobility, who took part in the lawmaking for their provinces. They cared little for the desires and interests of the common man, but were always much concerned about their own rights, privileges, and prerogatives. Hence the Great Elector and his immediate successors got rid of those gentry by the simple process of refusing to call them; then partly recompensed them by bestowing honors, appointments, and titles. The new Constitution in a way restored the ancient practice by providing a permanent Landtag or Diet; the upper branch was to be a sort of House of Lords, the lower to be chosen by the class system. The population was divided into three classes, according to the amount of taxes they paid. The first class, which might include only a hundredth as many persons as the lowest class, the second class, which might be ten per cent of the whole, and the remaining third class each chose a third of all the members. That is the system to the present day.

William I, Emperor and King. No family, however royal, however carefully it may educate its sons, can command greatness; but in 1861 there came to the throne the third distinctly great sovereign from that family. A visitor at the Prussian Court about 1810 noticed three little sons of the King, who were clad in the Prussian uniform and had been taught the Prussian manual of arms. One of them was William I, who became King in 1861, and within ten years had accomplished as much for the enlargement and greatness of Prussia as all his ancestors.

King William was a great man not through dashing qualities, or wonderful insight into the character of surrounding nations, or remarkable ability to foresee the probable combinations of the future. He was great because he set before himself a lofty aim, and had the judgment to find and use the instruments for his purposes. No Prussian sovereign has ever more devoutly believed in the family star, or more distinctly shared in the feelings and aspirations of his people. None has ever gone so far in giving them liberal institutions, and not one has ever so splendidly backed up the mighty genius of a Prime Minister. Nobody could discover Bismarck, any more than people can first observe that the sun rises; but it was King William who brought Bismarck and the German nation together, and held them till the object of Prussia's ambition was attained.

The German Empire. This somewhat clumsy machinery was made to work for the purpose of building up an army and getting ready to take a new position in Europe. The King had an astonishing judgment, not only of statesmen, but of generals, and he was himself a figure in the military field during the war with Austria in 1866 and with France in 1870. Then came the dramatic moment when in 1871 "William, by the Grace of God King of Prussia," was also pronounced "William, German Emperor," in the hall of the Palace at Versailles, the favorite residence of Louis XIV.

This creation of the German Empire went far to satisfy a democratic spirit which had existed in Prussia ever since the French Revolution. It also brought the Hohenzollerns into direct relations with the other German states, for the Kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and twenty-one smaller states were brought under the sovereignty of Hohenzollern emperors. With the exception of Hanover, which had been merged in Prussia, the relation was welcome. The South German people accepted the King of Prussia as their Emperor, reserving the sovereign right to look down upon the Prussians, much as a citizen of Louisiana may regard a Connecticut man.

William the Second. The second Hohenzollern Emperor, Frederick, came to the Imperial and Royal thrones late in life (1888), and lived but a few months, without any opportunity to show his ability to govern the Empire or to keep the peace. His son succeeded as William II, and has for twenty-six years been King and Emperor. In him may be found many of the qualities which have distinguished one or another of his forbears. He has the Great Elector's freedom and recklessness of speech; Frederick William I's extravagant admiration of the army; Frederick the Great's belief in war as a final solution of all troublesome questions; Frederick William IV's interest in the material, literary, and artistic welfare of his country; his grandfather's personal interest in his fellow-Germans and position as a central figure in European politics. He has shown a fondness for the sea, an interest in foreign commerce, and a desire for sea power which none of his ancestors knew. In the present war he has manifestly in mind the conquering traditions of Fehrbellin and Leipsic and Königgrätz and Gravelotte. No Hohenzollern has ever more keenly felt that he was

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specially designated by the will of the Almighty to lead the German people to victory.

The great asset of the Hohenzollerns, to use a commercial phrase, is their success in identifying themselves with their people. No American can possibly understand the gulfs of social distance between an Emperor, a member of a noble family not royal, an untitled lieutenant in a German regiment, the ordinary plain man of the shop and the field, and the Socialist workman. Nevertheless, in times of stress these strata all close up, adhere to each other, and surround their Sovereign. Whatever the faults of the Hohenzollerns may have been, they have the immense German virtue of standing by and with their people. Some critics of the Hohenzollerns expect the war to result in the unseating of the Imperial and Royal house. The great danger to the Prussian monarchy when Frederick the Great was on the point of ruin did not shake the loyalty of his people. The deepest humiliation of the Napoleonic times still left the Hohenzollerns at the helm. For good or ill they are the monarchs of the German Empire.

THE NEW BOOKS

MR. HOWELLS IN STRATFORD[1]

There is a rumor that Mr. Howells is getting to be an elderly man, but the evidence convinces the reader of "The Seen and the Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon" that this is one of those idle tales of which men of letters have been the victims since the times of the stylus and the papyrus. The story that Homer was killed by chagrin because he could not solve a riddle is highly improbable; and the report that Anacreon was a loose liver because he wrote with a free hand has no better basis in fact. Artists of all kinds forget how many literal-minded people there are in the world and how dangerous are irony, satire, and the use of the imagination. Safety lies in the bare fact; it is perilous to describe a vice unless one is willing to be suspected of practicing it. The creator of Sherlock Holmes shows an expert intimacy with crime, and there are no doubt those who believe that his knowledge of evil has not been gained without sinister associations. He happens, however, to be one of the most wholesome, manly, and generous-hearted men of his time. Shakespeare has been accused of many sins because he analyzed sin with such penetrating insight and uncovered its tragedy with such masterly power. He has been accused also of being a lawyer, a physician, a musician; he has been charged with being a play-writing syndicate; it has even been said that he never existed! Before a jury of owls the skylark would not have a chance for his life; in the hands of the literal-minded the poet is torn limb from limb.

It was a fortunate hour which took Mr. Howells to Stratford when the Shakespearean Festivals were making the old town young again, and both Shakespeare and Bacon, the shining types of two great but utterly diverse minds, were present. The story of this visit is told with an ease of manner, a freedom of humor, and a charm of style which dispose of the doubts about Mr. Howells's age beyond the disputation of those disagreeable people who always want to know, not how well a man writes, but how old he is. This inquisitive interest in unessential details comes of the publication of a multitude of books of fact about people who have made some kind of mark in the world—books which tell us all sorts of things about a writer, but tell none of the things we want to know. A lady of uncertain years rashly threw the question of her age into the arena of talk. A gallant man instantly saved the situation by the happy phrase, "Whatever your age may be, you don't look it."

Mr. Howells's latest book was written in his prime, whatever tale "Who's Who" may tell about his years. It is a gentle book in a rude and barbarous moment, a quiet book in an age resounding with the clash of arms and hoarse with shouts of defiance and curses. It is a million miles away from the savagery of war; it makes the English village even more beautiful than one remembers it by its contrast with stricken fields and burning towns. The world of fantasy, framed by the ancient loveliness of

[1] The Seen and the Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. A Fantasy. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

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the English landscape, is as alluring as Prospero's island in a furious ocean.

It is perilous to use fantasy, and there will be those who will dismiss this book as a piece of graceful trifling by an artist who has a kind of Benvenuto Cellini skill in the shaping of literary material. So doubtless the owl dismisses the song of the skylark; how can so slight and fragile a body count with a serious and solid bird like the owl? and then the skylark has such an irresponsible way of escaping from the substantial earth and losing itself in the clouds!

This book has to do with a skylark; a poet whose ease of wing and magic of song remind one of the skylarks that rise out of the meadows on the road to Hampton Lucy and pour out a flood of unpremeditated music as they ascend the invisible stairways of the sky. It has more of Shakespeare in it than many of the ponderous tomes which recall an old-time description of the great German scholar: "He goes down deeper and stays down longer and comes up muddier than any other scholar in the world." There is no sign of toil in this slender volume, but there is evidence of ample knowledge and of that insight which is the golden key in the search for the secret of genius. A guide in Stratford would make the old town one of those historical museums in which the eager but ill-advised tourist feels the weariness but misses the joy of the centuries that packed life with achievement; but the companionship of a man who knows Shakespeare makes it as young as it was when its great man went to the Grammar School on the corner of Church Street and Chapel Lane.

Mr. Howells took a great risk when he brought the ghosts of Shakespeare and Bacon to the banks of the Avon, but he did not overtax his skill; the shadowy figures bring no ghostly chill with them, and their talk is happily compounded of wit and knowledge. The story of Shakespeare's life is told with such an air of casual reference that one is not conscious that he is reading one of the most intelligent biographies of the poet that has appeared. The advantage of this apparently incidental way of bringing out the facts is the opportunity it affords of turning many side-lights upon them; and in the case of Shakespeare side-lights are as important as the pure facts. The doubts which assailed him half a century ago would have been dismissed almost as soon as they were aired if the age had known what we know of social and literary conditions in the sixteenth century; the life of the dramatist was so vitally related to his period that any biography of his mind and work must be furnished with a host of cross-references to his century. The "second-best bed," the absence of letters, the variation in the spelling of the signatures, the mistakes and uncertainties of the text, the indifference to the fortunes of the plays, the paucity of details about the comings and goings of one of the four greatest poets in the history of literature—these and a hundred other perplexities vanish when the biography of Shakespeare is read with the knowledge of ways and circumstances which a sixteenth-century man would have brought to it.

In Mr. Howells's report of Bacon's talk some very shrewd comments are made on these matters; the absence of detailed knowledge of Virgil and of Ben Jonson is recalled, and the philosopher makes a good point in connection with Chaucer. "I will only suggest," he says, "in refutation of the argument that Shakespeare could not have written Shakespeare because he has left no handwriting of his behind except two or three autographs differently spelled from each other, that we have no signature of Chaucer's, though he was an eminent diplomat and went upon many embassies to the Continent, requiring signatures. It is not certainly known who his father was, or precisely his wife. None of his poems survive in his own manuscript, and it isn't known which are irrefutably his."

This slender book, delightfully tender and human in its temper, gives us many charming glimpses of Stratford in festive mood, but it is in reality a book about the poet who has made the little English town one of the capitals of the world; as Goethe and Schiller made Weimar, with its quiet river flowing through its lovely park. There are always flowers on the coffins of the two poets in the Grand Ducal vaults in the German city; and every year fourteen thousand Americans do homage to Shakespeare in the place of his birth: being dead, the poets "rule us from their urns."

Human Side of Plants (The). By Royal Dixon. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

What is the human side of plant life? We leave our readers to guess what Mr. Dixon means by his assertion that "plants carry life insurance." Of course one knows of "plants that rob, plunder, and murder," but the natural-

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ist author also describes plants that walk, swim, fish, dance, kidnap, keep servants, build airships and other manlike actions, so that some of them are difficult to classify as between plants and animals. The analogies of the chapter titles are sometimes a little strained, but the book is full of curious and fascinating plant lore. There are many pictures.

Modern High School (The). Edited by Charles Hughes Johnston, Ph.D. (Harvard), Professor of Secondary Education in the University of Illinois. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

The American public school is the greatest single institution that this country has produced—more important to the continuance of a sound national life than the railways, the factories, or the colleges. Private schools, religious schools, and endowed institutions of learning all have a necessary and important function to perform, but none of them can take the place of the public school. And yet how little, comparatively, the public school system is discussed in books or newspaper articles for the layman! Perhaps this is because the ordinary citizen accepts it as he accepts the air that he breathes or the sunshine that warms him. Sometimes, however, citizens find that they have to take concerted action to prevent the air from being polluted or the sunshine from being cut off from their homes. There occasionally comes to our notice a book primarily intended for the teacher which, however, ought to be read by the ordinary citizen who has either a parental or a taxpaying interest in the public school. The present volume is such a publication. It consists of a series of thirty independent but correlated chapters on various phases of the American high school. Some of the chapters deal with the technical questions of teaching, but a number of them concern the sociological influence of the high school—that is to say, the high school as a social center. These chapters are quite as interesting to and as important for the parent as for the teacher.

A valuable feature of the volume is an unusually complete bibliography of the subjects discussed in each separate chapter. This book certainly should be included in every high school library where it can be easily obtained not only by the pupils but by the parents.

Religion of the Spirit in Modern Life. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The many who have found value in one or more of Dr. Dresser's numerous books will find large value in this. It does not mention Eucken, but Eucken's conclusion in his great work, "The Truth of Religion," is one with Dr. Dresser's—"an absolute spiritual Life the substance of all reality, its foundation and its apex." This living Spirit inhabiting the universe, and incarnated in the life of humanity, is regarded as "the basis of social thought and life to-day." In working out this conception into its particulars high philosophy here comes down into the various walks and experiences of individual and social life with practical purpose. "The book is primarily intended for those who are working their way into a larger, stronger, and more spiritual type of faith." The fundamental reality of the relation between God and man is conspicuous in the life of Jesus—God in man and man in God as co-workers in the labors of the ages to create the ideal cosmos. It is one's inmost attitude and purpose in this relation which gives reality and unity to life. "All else is secondary and instrumental." It is this ideal element that glorifies and hallows the commonplace and drudgery of life.

Since the recovery of the Biblical doctrine of the divine immanence the truth for which the Society of Friends was long a solitary witness—the Indwelling Spirit—has widely spread among the churches. Dr. Dresser quotes their statement of it as concisely presenting the universality of the Spirit throughout the ages, and the teaching of the Spirit through Jesus. To all who emphasize life more than dogma he commends these truths as providing both a solution of theological difficulties and a basis for practical life. He has fairly succeeded in his aim "to restate the Religion of the Spirit so as to make it as clear-cut and efficient as the most positive of these [doctrinal] systems."

Works of Edgar Allan Poe (The). In 10 volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

Another "Pocket Edition"—and in these editions the books actually will go into a pocket easily—like the similar Scribner editions of Ibsen and Meredith. It would be absurd to expect fine paper or brand-new plates in such an edition. It fills a place as a low-price, small-volume Poe satisfactorily.

Vicar of Wakefield (The). By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $4.

A sumptuous edition of a delightful book, too little read nowadays, one that well deserves all the added attraction that art and good typography may give. One particularly admires the fine, well-proportioned type page. Mr. Sullivan's pictures catch admirably the good Vicar, Olivia, Moses, Mr. Burchell, and the rest of Goldsmith's characters. Some of the colored plates are pleasing, but we confess that we like the black-and-white sketches better.

Immanuel Kant. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Authorized Translation by Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. In 2 vols. The John Lane Company, New York. $7.50.

This is an interesting comparative study of the teaching, perhaps we might say of the mental operations, of Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Bruno, Plato, and Descartes compared with those of Immanuel Kant. The author is also the author of the remarkable work on

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"The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" which was reviewed in The Outlook of July 29, 1911. Mr. Chamberlain, our readers may remember, is an Englishman who has lived in Germany so long as to become a German in thought as well as in style. His book was written in German and is translated into English by Lord Redesdale. The volumes will be interesting to the student in philosophy, but the author is not one who can be followed blindly. A writer whose prejudice against the Jews leads him to deny that Jesus Christ was a Jew must be read with caution.

Church, the People, and the Age (The). Edited by Robert Scott and George William Gilmore. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $3.

A valuable service has been performed by the editors of this volume. A matter of common belief has been put into precise and authoritative statements in place of a general impression more or less indefinite. These statements, moreover, cover the entire field of Protestantism, domestic and foreign, with competent testimony.

The editors, who are also editors of the "Homiletic Review," communicated with many leaders of thought in America and Europe, whose views they desired concerning the present indifference toward the Church, and also as to the basis and direction for a fundamental theology of the Church for the present age. One hundred and five replies were received. These, distributed into three groups according to their general character, are presented in this volume, each prefaced with a sketch of the writer, apparently taken from "Who's Who." This mass of information is made more helpful by being also presented in the predigested form of an admirable analysis and summary by Dr. Clarence A. Beckwith, of Chicago Theological Seminary.

The salient features of this volume of testimony he reports as follows: (1) Agreement only as to the fact of wide indifference to the Church, but disagreement as to its cause. (2) Great diversity as to the requirement of a creed and the extent of creed required for church membership. (3) The same diversity as to the relation of theology to metaphysics and the development of theology. (4) An irreconcilable disagreement as to what the Church stands for. The gist of it all is that the Church is still in the woods. Not to overrate the fact, it must be taken for no more than it is—a cross-section of a long movement. To those who remember conditions existing twenty-five or less years ago the present report is encouraging evidence that the Church, though not out of the woods, is on its way out. The way out is indicated by Professor Beckwith in the suggestions which follow his survey.

The editors have appended the Ecumenical creeds, the post-Reformation creeds and confessions, later denominational formulations, and a variety of forms for reception into church membership. Portraits of ninety contributors illustrate the volume, and it is carefully indexed. As a whole, it is a record of the stage now reached in the development of the Church of the future. Its net effect is likely to be the furtherance of that development.

Evolution, Old and New. By Samuel Butler. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

This was a notable book in its time, 1879, and is still of sufficient interest to call for this third edition, mostly a reprint of the first. Darwin had not only upset Paley's theory of design in created nature, but had denied that design had any place in the evolutionary process. Mr. Butler, a brilliant writer, sharply criticised him; and was savagely attacked for it by Darwinists. This volume is a reprint of his critique, and their rejoinders are given in its appendix. The book was written to show that evolution not only admits design, but cannot go on without it. It was one of the earliest protests against extreme Darwinism, and subsequent discussions have amply justified it. Its present interest is mainly historical and literary. All that is now new in evolution is of more recent date.

Social Aspects of Foreign Missions (The). By W. H. P. Faunce. Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, New York. 60c.

President Faunce's survey of the activities of missionaries the world over should dispel any lingering vestiges of the old-time conception of a missionary as merely a "frock-coated purveyor of religious beliefs." In every land where the missionary has gone social service as well as religious conversion has been his aim, and to the missionary the uttermost parts of the earth are indebted both for the material gifts of civilization and for the still more important fertilizing of the mind that enables the ideas and ideals of civilization to take root and flourish. Of course other factors have also been operant; but it is difficult to overestimate the civilizing as well as the Christianizing influence of the missionary, with his schools, his hospitals, and his introduction of labor-saving devices and liberalizing doctrines. Such a book as Dr. Faunce's, with its compact and comprehensive review of past and present accomplishments, should make for increased confidence in and support of missionary enterprise.

Art of the Book (The). By Bernard H. Newdigate, Douglas Cockerell, William D. Orcutt, and others. The John Lane Company, New York. $3, net.

Admirers of fine books will find in this review of the progress of book-making in England, Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, and America a comprehensive study of recent typography and bookbinding. To those who are professionally interested in the making of books this work is almost indispensable; to lovers of the art side of the printed volume it will be at once educative and delightful.

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